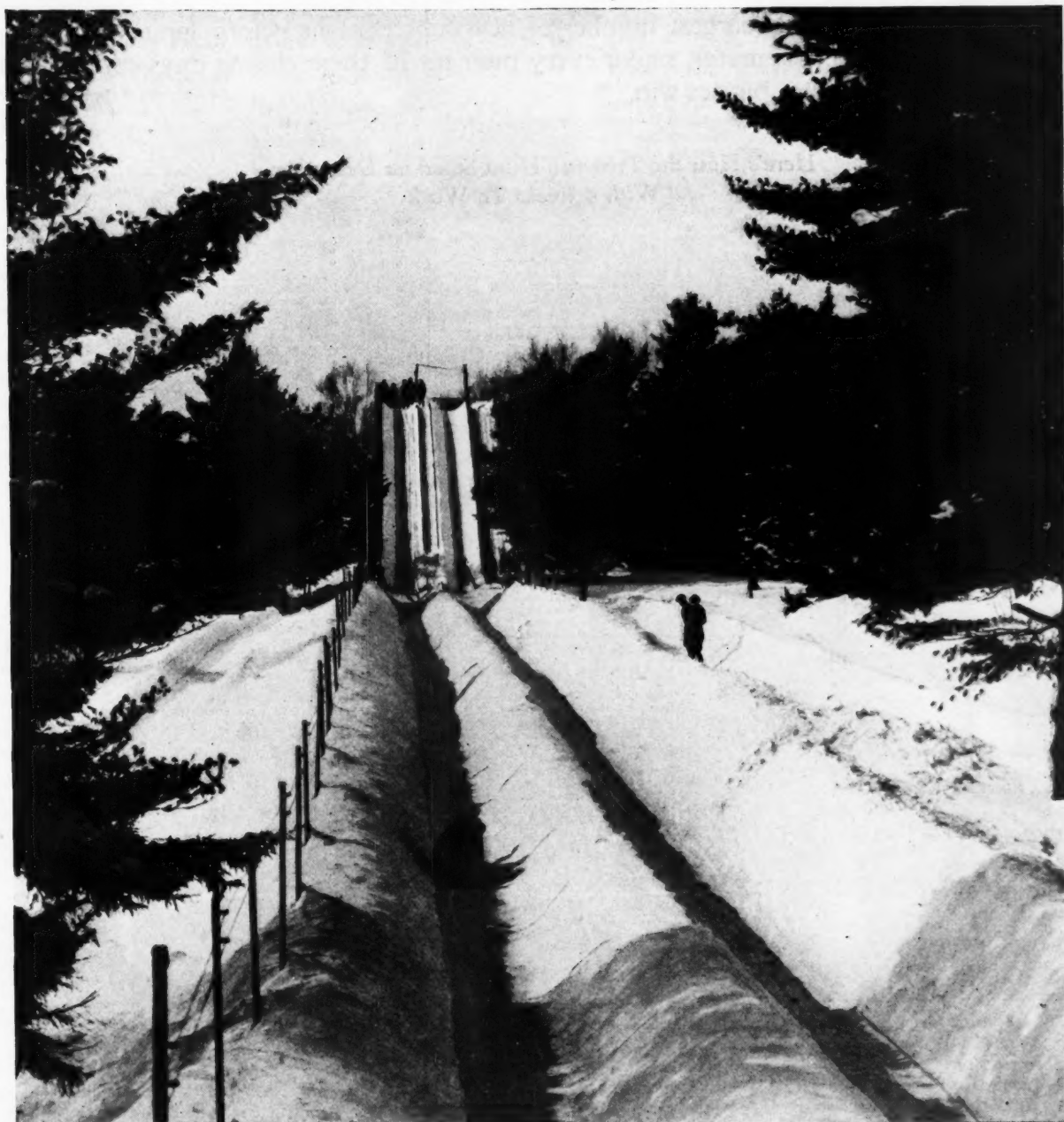


December 24, 1925

The YOUTH'S COMPANION



TOBOGGANING AT HANOVER, N. H.

Underwood & Underwood

"Heap on more wood! The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT

10 cents a copy

\$ 2.00 a year

Only One Week More for The Youth's Companion's Great TREASURE HUNT

Thousands of Dollars in Buried Treasure
Will Be Found By January 1



Mason Willis
as Pirate Captain

FELLOW PIRATES:—This must be my last message to you, for our great Treasure Hunt will be over before the next number of The Youth's Companion can reach you. With only one week to go the fun now becomes fast and furious. Remember, the Bags of Treasure will go to the 150 Treasure Seekers who find the largest number of new subscriptions before January 1. So up and at 'em, shipmates, make every moment of these closing days count. And may the boldest pirates win.

Mason Willis
Pirate Captain

Here's How the Treasure Hunt Stood on December 4 With 4 weeks To Work

	No. Subns.		No. Subns.		No. Subns.
\$250 Class		35. Louise Cline, Florida	6	92. Margaret Blackwell, North Carolina	5
1. Dorothy Simpson, Pennsylvania	29	36. Dorothy Sutton, Washington	6	93. Ina B. Blevins, Pennsylvania	5
\$200 Class		37. Marion Coomer, Michigan	6	94. Nola Martin, Illinois	5
2. Robin Garland, Massachusetts	23	38. Mrs. Hazel Brown, Michigan	6	95. Thayer Tillotson, Texas	5
\$150 Class		39. Mrs. J. G. Cassell, Ohio	6	96. Peter M. Aimes, Connecticut	5
3. Hollis D. Mason, Massachusetts	23	40. Margaret G. Crowl, Pennsylvania	6	97. Mrs. D. E. Magee, Texas	5
\$100 Class		41. Louise Shields, Illinois	6	98. Lloyd Marbet, Pennsylvania	5
4. Mrs. Elsie R. McFarland, Kansas	20	42. Maynard Hanson, North Dakota	6	99. Chas. H. Plumer, New Hampshire	5
\$75 Class		43. Ruth Saunders, Ohio	6	100. John D. Nisbet, Illinois	5
5. James Bockoven, Arizona	18	44. Hannah Dose, Illinois	6	101. Margrethe Prens, Minnesota	4
\$60 Class		45. Fannie T. Peters, Illinois	6	102. Edith Claire DeWolfe, New York	4
6. Robert Goodlate, New Jersey	14	46. Alice Hayward, New Jersey	6	103. E. W. Reeves, South Dakota	4
\$50 Class		47. Edith C. Phillips, Montana	5	104. Mrs. Mary Dinn, Kansas	4
7. Annie Lyman, Rhode Island	12	48. Homer F. Bill, Connecticut	5	105. Lila V. Livingston, Kansas	4
\$40 Class		49. Ted H. Badger, Minnesota	5	106. Fred H. Anderson, Sask., Canada	4
8. Almond Daniels, Florida	10	50. Frankia C. Beatty, Washington	5	107. Valentine P. Sanderson, Nebraska	4
\$30 Class				108. Mrs. J. C. Courtney, Georgia	4
9. Linetta Macon, Pennsylvania	9	\$5 Class		109. Mrs. J. H. Browning, Illinois	4
\$25 Class		51. Ruth Hoge, Oklahoma	5	110. Jennie Van Wyk, Wisconsin	4
10. Caroline Meyer, Kansas	9	52. Roberta Ingle, New York	5	111. Marshall B. Allen, Massachusetts	4
\$20 Class		53. Ruth L. Hudson, New Jersey	5	112. Theodore Glicker, Ohio	4
11. Guy Johnston, Ohio	9	54. Robert C. Platter, Ohio	5	113. Arnold Goodwin, Massachusetts	4
12. Milan Bump, Colorado	8	55. Laura Withcraft, West Virginia	5	114. Ralph Hoke, Oklahoma	4
13. Robbie Roe Anders, Tennessee	8	56. Wilbur Pfirmer, Iowa	5	115. Mrs. W. A. Bliss, Pennsylvania	4
14. Herbert Johnson, Wisconsin	8	57. Jack Nelson, Alta., Canada	5	116. Miss Bessie Hill, Iowa	4
15. Sarah Craddock, Virginia	8	58. Ruth Kabrick, Illinois	5	117. Mrs. Helen Ormond, Massachusetts	4
\$15 Class		59. Mrs. Alice Johnson, Illinois	5	118. Charles Sherman, New York	4
16. Philip Johnson, Pennsylvania	8	60. Edmond Laing, Maine	5	119. Mrs. W. M. Fuller, Texas	4
17. Blanche Magill, Pennsylvania	7	61. Harold E. Schulze, Ohio	5	120. Lois Knie, Oklahoma	4
18. Vern Pearson, California	7	62. Benson Brand, West Virginia	5	121. Nathaniel Beck, Iowa	4
19. Rev. J. T. Stewart, Florida	7	63. Dexter H. Wilkins, Massachusetts	5	122. Alice Glenn, Pennsylvania	4
20. Mrs. W. C. Miller, North Dakota	7	64. Ed. G. Goodbub, Indiana	5	123. Althea Hoagland, Minnesota	4
21. Hallie Jennings, Illinois	7	65. Wilbur R. Rusher, Indiana	5	124. Carrie O'Neal, Kentucky	4
22. Denton Taylor, New Jersey	7	66. Mrs. C. W. Lowell, Maine	5	125. Mrs. L. F. Austin, North Carolina	4
23. Wm. E. Needham, New Jersey	7	67. Miss Dorothy Rockwell, New York	5	126. William Brown, Wyoming	4
24. Charles King, Illinois	6	68. Mrs. M. M. Cress, Oklahoma	5	127. Charlotte Thomas, Illinois	4
25. Rev. John DeJong, California	6	69. Robert W. McNitt, New Jersey	5	128. James Waterhouse, Virginia	4
\$10 Class		70. Bernice L. Warvin, Vermont	5	129. Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, Michigan	4
26. Ralph Willis, Iowa	6	71. Donald Miller, Ont., Canada	5	130. Frances McKay, Pennsylvania	4
27. Jennie Barton, Rhode Island	6	72. Wm. Stuart, Alta., Canada	5	131. Mrs. C. M. Shepherd, Nebraska	4
28. C. A. Kingsbury, Colorado	6	73. Mrs. W. D. Thomas, Iowa	5	132. Annie Smith, Pennsylvania	4
29. Talcott Bates, New York	6	74. Jack Rice, New Jersey	5	133. Mrs. E. E. Sugg, North Carolina	4
30. Olga Witmer, Virginia	6	75. Max Reid Wiek, Oklahoma	5	134. Robert Coleman, Idaho	4
31. Fred W. Schultz, Indiana	6	76. Marjorie Robinson, Florida	5	135. Joseph Gose, Texas	4
32. Mrs. Jake Trapp, Ohio	6	77. Frances Taylor, North Carolina	5	136. Harriet Wilbur, New York	4
33. Scofield Ritter, Massachusetts	6	78. Herman Miller, New York	5	137. J. Freeman Borden, Massachusetts	4
34. Chalmers E. Smith, Nova Scotia	6	79. Ruth A. Russell, New York	5	138. Nellie Noah, Michigan	4
		80. Louise Penny, Ohio	5	139. Ruth E. Noyce, Kansas	4
		81. Mrs. H. W. Wildman, Illinois	5	140. Mrs. J. H. Taylor, Ohio	4
		82. Mrs. E. N. Strain, California	5	141. Anne C. Fenderson, Maine	3
		83. Genevieve Clark, California	5	142. Wiley Davey, Nevada	3
		84. Mary Amy, Louisiana	5	143. Nolen Fay, California	3
		85. Frances H. Ault, Florida	5	144. Mrs. Theo. Archer, Montana	3
		86. Mrs. John O. Clark, Maine	5	145. S. W. Smith, Missouri	3
		87. Early T. Gill, North Carolina	5	146. E. A. Angevine, Vermont	3
		88. William Townsend, Maryland	5	147. Franklin Brattan, Pennsylvania	3
		89. Wirt C. Williams, California	5	148. Josephine Baker, Illinois	3
		90. Margaret Gould, Alta., Canada	5	149. Wm. Carr, New Hampshire	3
		91. William Lindon, Wisconsin	5	150. Geraldine Davidson, Delaware	3

MIDNIGHT JANUARY 1

All subscription orders postmarked at your post office up to midnight, January 1, will be counted in the Treasure Hunt regardless of the time the orders reach our office. This gives every Treasure Seeker an equal opportunity. No matter how distantly located from us, he can work up to the very end of the contest.

Important—With your final order, be sure to tell us the total number of subscriptions you have sent during the contest so that we may check our record. Prizes will be awarded about January 20 or as soon thereafter as all the lists can be counted.

You Cannot Lose—Every Treasure Seeker who sends at least five new subscriptions before January 1, but does not win a place among the 150 leaders, will receive a Special Prize of \$2.50 in Gold.

The bulletin above is the last that can be published before the close of the Treasure Hunt, but note especially that it is not the final standing. Not until the very last subscription has been mailed to us on January 1, shall we know who the real leaders will be.

In the meantime don't forget that the closing days of a contest like this usually show the greatest gains. The only safe rule is to work just as if the next contestant was right at your heels. Now is the time to make your supreme effort.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 99

NUMBER 52

BRICKS AND HER BROWNING

By Mortimer O. Wilcox

"NOW wouldn't that get—"
Bricks corrected herself conscientiously in the midst of the slang. "Now wouldn't you suppose that they would try at least to be a little more polite to a visiting team?"

"And especially," agreed Johnny, "when they had trimmed—I mean beaten—us so badly. The forward that I played against kept remarking sweetly that we were a bunch of dead ones."

"And did you hear that captain of theirs, Miss Murgatroyd?" Bricks fumed with just indignation. "When I spoke to her because they were so rough with poor Frills, she said, 'Oh, yes, I suppose that you are a team of perfect ladies. Well, we happen to be a team of basketball players. That's why we are so lonesome tonight.'"

"They can say most anything about us now," lamented Steve, so called perhaps because she frequently "took a chance" in a game. "Reminds me of my small brother—'Haw, you're nothin' but a lot of gur-r-rs!'"

The high-school girls of Port Midlothian were returning homeward, but not with victorious eagles. Their untriumphal car was a stuffy coach on the late evening train, for they had been over to play the formidable Cappadocia on their own court, in a game that had resulted 17 to 8 for Cappadocia. Three of the defeated team, Bricks, Johnny and Steve, sat huddled up together in one seat as if for comfort. For, grievous to relate, they sported nicknames, bestowed by their loving schoolmates. Their captain was known as Bricks, though no one knew why, unless it was because she was one. Johnny was Johnny because as a guard she was reputed generally to be on the spot; and Steve, although not yet a regular, was Steve for the reason already mentioned. In the seat behind, Frills tried to compose her ruffled feelings with a caramel—that is, when she was not dozing; and beside her, straining her eyes over a book, sat their tall and placid centre. They called her Gwendolyn. That was her name.

A basketball team, even though composed of mere "gur-r-rs," has to have five regular players. Their physical instructor with the other substitute occupied a seat just opposite, but their fifth regular player sat apart from all the rest, peering fixedly out of the window. Her name was Sally McKenna—she had no nickname. Her moody face indicated that she had one thought just then—to show the other girls that it was precious little she cared. With sullen eyes she stared into the gloom before her.

"Well," murmured Johnny, "you can't much wonder that that Murgatroyd person was sarcastic. I don't want to be unjust to anybody, but she had a pretty easy time with the one who was guarding her." She glanced toward the solitary figure.

"She sulks," muttered Bricks, to whom that was the last offense. "She can play a fine game if she wants to, but she doesn't really try."

"O dear," breathed Johnny disconsolately, "will this old train ever get us anywhere?"

"You are used to fast trains, my child," reminded Bricks. Johnny had been to New York that autumn, but she really did try not to keep mentioning the fact.

The train at last began to slow up for Port Midlothian. They came out upon the platform and beheld across the last snowy stretches the rows of electric lights marking the silent streets. The crisp night air carried a kind of exhilaration after the stuffy car, and Bricks took a grateful gulp of it. "Um,"

separating herself from the rest. They spoke to her, tried earnestly to be kind, but their somewhat labored efforts merely made more evident the fact that she was not truly one of them.

"O dear," muttered Bricks, oppressed by a load of cares, "I suppose I ought to go back there and walk with her. There, she is turning off at the corner. Good night, Sally," she called.

"Good night." The other did not turn her head as she went off toward the right in the direction of her home—a solitary and rather awkward figure among the shadows.

"Now, she ought not to be going round alone in these times," Bricks declared. "That's a rather tough region she has to pass through."

the big house where she lived. She was too thoughtful to have noticed any footpads, had such been prowling near. Round her stretched the almost silent city, only yesterday as it were a placid country town, caught now in the onrush and turmoil of the new industrial age, founding new industries, facing new perplexities. Bricks in her way had sometimes wondered how she also might assist in the building up of it. Meanwhile she had perplexities of her own, as anybody must have who tries to be a captain over others. She stood on her own threshold like one who ponders a problem. "If only I knew," she muttered, "some way that I could reach her."

It has been noted that Johnny had referred with some anxiety to certain studies in English. A few evenings afterward at the invitation of the no less apprehensive Bricks she came round to Bricks' home that they might pursue in common their literary re-

searches. They discussed some rather un-literary subjects—how best to shoot a basket over your head was one—until presently Bricks remarked: "Oh, well, I suppose we must get busy—Must get to work," she amended quickly. Her father happened to be present at the other side of the room. "That was a near one, young lady," he commented, laughing, "but I guess I won't score it up against you this time."

The two students of English bent resignedly to their tasks while the father of Bricks resumed an interrupted conversation with her mother.

"It is a rather unsatisfactory outlook," he remarked. "The temper of the men isn't at all good. We have been trying to get together with them, to arrange for some reasonable basis of wages and hours, and they just balk and show their teeth at us. Well, I'm through. Dick Powers wanted me to call him up and arrange for another meeting with them, but what's the use? That man McKenna is the one who makes the most trouble. He's a number-one workman, all right, but he has a considerable influence in the shops, and he simply uses it to stir up all feeling against us."

Bricks looked up from her labors. "Is he just like a mule?" she inquired.

"The description is sufficiently accurate," replied her father. "Why?"

"His daughter," explained Bricks, "plays on our team. She is making me old before my time."

"Look here, Bricks," said Johnny, gazing blankly at the printed page before her, "and tell me, if you think you can, just what this means. It is one of the two passages of Browning we are supposed to analyze and comment upon."

"Here and here did England help me:
How can I help England?"

"It was about that place, Trafalgar, where they had the big sea fight."



DRAWN BY ALFRED CEIKE

"Fortunes of war," said Bricks consolingly

she said with a nod for her own home town, "but this seems pretty nice!"

"Just a bunch of houses," commented Johnny, still a little grumpy.

"Been to New York! Been to New York!" her chum reminded her. "Don't forget that bag, Frills; you are half asleep yet."

They alighted presently at the station and proceeded up the street. It appeared to be a case of walk home for all of them, but, as Steve philosophically remarked, they were not the ones who couldn't. Their physical instructor, the stately Gwendolyn, and one of the "subs" went on ahead. Behind them in a second group came Bricks, Johnny, Steve and the still yawning Frills. And behind these again was another, who persisted in

"Oh, if anybody kidnaps her, they'll soon bring her back," remarked the philosophic Steve. "Well, Johnny's going home with me tonight, and we'll leave Frills on her own doorstep, if we can keep her awake long enough to get there. Just yell, Bricks, if you see any bad things, and we'll all come to your rescue."

"And see if you can find those old examination papers in English, will you?" said Johnny, suddenly remembering the duties of next week. "If I don't get to work on them pretty soon, good night! I mean good night, Bricks!"

The three turned at another corner and went chattering on their way. Bricks proceeded straight ahead for a block or so to

"Well," remarked Bricks's father, a trifle sardonically perhaps, "that would seem easy enough, considering that it's Browning. I should judge that it would have a considerable meaning at this present time. It means—why, that a person ought to do something for his country when it has done so much for him."

"Well, and here is this other one," said Bricks. "It's about Pheidippides, the runner who went to get help before the battle of Marathon, so they could beat the Persians when they came. Mum-mum," she mumbled; then, as if she caught the spirit of the hurrying, crashing lines, some moment's glimpse of Athens in her glorious hour:

*"Pound, Pan helping us, Persia to dust,
and under the deep
Whelm her away forever!"*

"Um, that is pretty good. That Pheidippides must have known how to travel."

"It's like," assisted Johnny with one last defiant flicker of reminiscence, "like the Empire State Express when she hits the open country down there, and they just turn her loose for the west."

"That word 'help,'" suggested Bricks's mother, "keeps occurring in both poems. Perhaps that is the main idea, to be helping somebody."

"Pan told the Athenians," Bricks remarked, "to go ahead and help themselves and not to wait for Sparta. Good advice, too. I wish I could help that Sally McKenna to play a little less like a wooden dummy."

Her father looked at her. "When you say that you hope she will do better, down in the bottom of your boots don't you rather hope that she will not?"

"Well, yes, I believe I do," agreed Bricks. "Don't you feel," he continued, "just a bit superior to her when you try to be kind? And when you are patronizing her, don't you suppose that she understands that fact perfectly well?" He paused masterfully; then suddenly he began to laugh—and as if he were laughing at himself. "Well," he murmured, "one never gets too old to learn something." And he went to the telephone. "Give me 444K—Richard Powers," he breathed into the transmitter.

AFTER the study hours next day came basketball practice, and Bricks found her team of regulars somewhat crippled, for Johnny had gone to the dentist, and poor Frills had a lame elbow. The guarding fell upon Sally and a substitute, and they found their hands full. Bricks, forgetting all about patronage, cried hotly to the awkward one, "We fellows simply must do better! Sally, I certainly shall have to come over and cuff you unless you play your game." "Oh, you will?" rejoined Sally. "Well, just you come over and try it." Yet somehow her game did seem to improve a little after that threat.

Practice over, Sally McKenna went back home. Her father, a heavy browed man with a morose look in his eyes, thought a good deal in his sombre way of Sally. "How does the basketball go, Sally?"

She sat very silent for a moment. "I don't believe they really want me on the team. Sometimes I do seem to be all feet. They try to be decent, I guess."

"Patronize you, do they?" he growled.

"No-o," she answered. "The physical instructor is real fair. She says that I belong on the team and am going to stay. And Bricks—that's our captain—calls me down sometimes for not keeping my end up."

"Oh, she does, eh?" But his tone for a moment seemed less hostile. "Well, don't let them bluff you." He reached for his hat. "I'm going over to see some of the men. Powers and those fellows are trying again to make terms, as they call it, but they won't fool us any more." His voice and to a greater extent his eyes expressed the black, fierce passions that keep bubbling up when managers and workmen clash.

Sally, left alone by the table, gave her books a tired thump. "Bricks said that she would have to come over and cuff me unless I played my game. Well, see if I don't try."

The Port Midlothians were all trying to play their game; they needed in fact to better it. The weight of cares was heavy upon their captain, for the team was not doing what it should. Before it lay two trying games, that with the Auroras first and later the return game with those snippy Cappadocias.

THE night arrived that brought the dreaded Auroras down. Bricks and the rest tried to look cheerful as they greeted their visitors, great calm creatures who were reckoned the fastest team of high-school

girls in all that end of the state. And indeed they proved their quality, going at once into the lead.

During the brief respite at the half the Port Midlothians sat together in a rather forlorn little group of four. Bricks looked across at one who stood apart and solitary. "Oh-o, Sally, come on over here with us," she called and made a place for the fifth.

Sally, after a moment's hesitation, came over and sat down. "My," she said apolo-

getically, "that forward that I've got is twelve feet high."

"And mine," lamented Johnny, "has got about a hundred hands. I suppose she is making me look foolish."

"Cheer up," quoth Bricks, "we'll stand and fall together." She was tired and a bit blue; she knew that she had been playing a poor game, for her, under the eyes of her school. She did not know that the reward of her labors was coming to her right in the

midst of battle. For suddenly, in a flash as it were, that mystery arrived by which a team finds itself. As they arose and went to their places again the five for basketball purposes were one. And, even while the home crowd was wondering dolefully how much the dreaded visitors were going to increase their lead, the fast-going Auroras were anxiously going their fastest to keep their lead.

They barely managed it, finishing indeed but a few points ahead of a team to which that brave defeat would be worth a dozen ordinary victories. Johnny, very breathless at the finish, was leaning against the wall of the court and, perhaps was musing, "O dear, I suppose that she made me look foolish," when, behold, her terrible opponent had come over and was patting her on the shoulder with one hand (she had only two, not a hundred, it appeared) while she said: "Well, if you care to know it, you have given me one of the most interesting evenings of my life. And we shouldn't mind at all if we had such a guard as you."

Up strolled the captain of the mighty Auroras (she was only some five feet, seven). Up came Bricks and, holding out her hand, said bravely, "Well, you beat us."

"Yes," replied the captain of the Auroras, "and we are ready to tell western New York how we had to work to do it. It's been a pleasure, though, to meet a team that plays such a clean game. You have another pretty good guard here too; I can testify to that!" And she patted the embarrassed Sally.

"Yes," agreed Bricks, "she is some—she is somewhat improved, I can tell you."

After doing the honors for their guests, the five came out of the building together. Sally, as she parted from the others, gazed with a new interest at the town of her birth. "My," she said shyly, "it's pretty nice."

"Yes," Bricks commanded her, "and you bring that father of yours round to see the next game."

Sure enough, he was there when they played those Cappadocias again, high up in the gallery seats and with eyes for but one figure. There also sat the father of Bricks and another man.

Out on the court came the confident Cappadocias, led by the redoubted Murgatroyd. Bricks addressed her followers before they began: "Try to be perfect ladies, but don't let them feel lonesome. Show them that we are still living."

This indeed they did—up round the enemies' basket. The atmosphere seemed to be full of Bricks; Johnny was ever on the spot; and the stately Gwendolyn "stood like a tower." Amid the attempts to "treat her rough" Frills, very much awake, shot basket after basket with an unruffled calm. But of all the five the one who was judged to have made the most improvement was Sally McKenna, as with the quiet precision of an honest workman she smothered the despairing efforts of the once-sarcastic Miss Murgatroyd.

So when Persia was dust—that is to say, when the final score stood 24 to 7 for Port Midlothian—Bricks, remembering how it felt, strolled over to shake hands with the defeated chieftain. "Fortunes of war," said Bricks consolingly. To which the Murgatroyd, with a rueful grin replied, "Oh, it merely goes to prove that one can always learn some more!"

The father of Bricks and his friend came forth with the rest of the crowd. McKenna grinned proudly toward them.

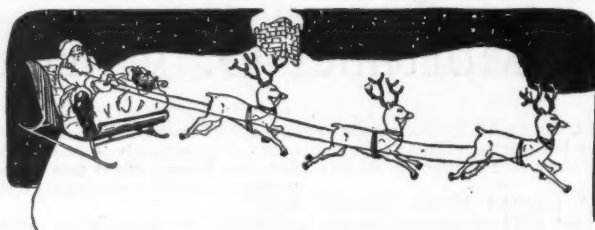
"Quite a game," he remarked, "but our girls were a little too good for 'em."

The two other men emerged into the crisp night air and buttoned up their overcoats. "Going over to the club?" inquired one.

"No," replied the father of Bricks, "I am going home and straight to bed. I've had a busy day, but a mighty satisfactory one. Do you know, while we were puzzling our brains on all kinds of schemes for a compromise, those fellows from the works—and McKenna was leading them, at that—came round to talk it over. We got together in just about fifteen minutes. I don't know yet exactly how or why, unless it was because—because we really wanted to. Seems queer, though, doesn't it, after all our bickering?"

"It was as queer," replied the other, "as human nature—and as natural. Basketball or business, we are all of us made of pretty much the same stuff; we have to stand and fall together. And after all, it's the team play that tells the story."

And they glanced up at the friendly stars, which seemed to twinkle humorously down on the hard-working, human, victorious little city where they had learned the difference between a mere bunch of houses and a real community.



The Children's Festival

BY E. V. LUCAS

CHRISTMAS, most of us remark somewhere about mid-December, "comes once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer"; but do we ever ask ourselves how long it has been making this annual and enkindling visitation? At the first reaction the answer would be, "Ever since the death of the Founder of the Feast"; but that would be wrong, for the evolution of Christmas as we know it seems to have been very gradual.

The actual date of Christ's birth was indeed not fixed for many years. Various dates were suggested as more appropriate than December 25. In the year 243, for example, a Latin tract was issued maintaining that March 28 was the true natal day. Spring, the author pointed out, had then begun; the world was new; the equinox prevailed; the moon was full. It also happened to be a Wednesday, and it was on the Wednesday of the first week of all that the sun and the moon were created; and was not Christ the Sun of Righteousness?

But in spite of all this ingenious special pleading December 25 won. Some of the Early Fathers were against any commemoration of it even then; Origen for one, protested. But by the fourth century the celebration of Christ Mass on December 25 was becoming general. Yet not until the year 534 did the Romans make it a *dies non*, or bank holiday, as we in England would say now. In Britain for centuries it was New Year's Day as well as Christ Mass and was a season of joviality until in 1644 the Puritans killed it. With the Merry Monarch's return the old high spirits came in again, never to be much impaired.

Another problem is the meteorology of Christmas. At some period it must have been cold, snowy, a mid-winter festival, or how could there be such a persistent tradition to that effect? In America, I believe, such bracing Christmases are habitual; but I can assure you that in England Christmas has become a very different season. Christmas with us is now usually mild and moist; while winter proper, such as it is, does not set in until January or later, and it often goes on long enough to spoil the spring. It has even been known, the spoil-sport that it is, to encroach on the summer.

I want just as eagerly to know when the

old snowy Christmas went out as when the new humid Christmas came in. All data on which our conception of the old Christmas is founded have been provided either by painters or writers; and it is possible to look upon both as addicted to those symmetrical dreams wherein the wish is father to the thought. But together—and your own Washington Irving is by no means the least of them—they have set up a wonderful and very cordial tradition. In the artists' pictures there is always snow; in the Christmas cards there is always snow, and before some one discovered that minute particles of glass were deleterious to the operatives there used even to be frost that actually sparkled. In the stories there is always snow; in Pickwick, at Dingley Dell, there was ice for Mr. Winkle to fail to skate on. Santa Claus has immemorially arrived in a sledge drawn by reindeer; Father Christmas's fur coat is covered with flakes. But—I speak only for England—I wonder was Christmas ever cold? Did snow ever fall at that time? Was there ever skating or sliding?

My two visits to America having been in the summer, I have no notion how Christmas is considered there, how it compares as a popular festival with Thanksgiving Day or the Fourth of July. But I shall always consider a little book by John Burroughs, called *Winter Sunshine*, one of the best works on the open air ever written. Long perusal of other American books, chiefly novels, has taught me that the sacrifice of a turkey is as necessary to the pious celebration of Thanksgiving as of our Christmas; but what I do not know is whether you slay another turkey for Christmas too. Nor do I know whether Americans say, as so many people in England do, that they personally dread Christmas because it is so full of ghosts,

—and more than ever now after the war,—but that "for the sake of the children" it must be kept up. For, "after all," we add, "it is the children's festival, isn't it?" Do you say that, I wonder?

It is with us a genuine sentiment, but it does not express the whole truth, for, although we may dread Christmas and honestly wish it over, yet we value it as the one day in the year when families reunite. The children may serve as a pretext; but their elders, for all the heart-aches, are not sorry for the occasion.



THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM TUCKER

By George Halsey Gillham



John dived off the stern, without even removing his new straw hat

DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON

II. ZEKE HAMON THREATENS

THE next morning, after we had bought our stock of goods, my uncle sent me out about daylight to look for some cows, which had strayed away. We lived on a small farm in the eastern suburbs of Memphis, not far from the Loosahatchie River bottoms. As I was walking along the bank of 'Hatchie River looking for the cows, I heard loud and angry voices. I looked ahead and saw in the river a yellow shanty boat tied to a tree. The altercation that had attracted my attention was evidently taking place inside the boat. I slipped up closer and got behind a big sycamore tree to see what was going to happen. One man seemed to be in a violent rage, and the other was trying to argue. The quarrel became still more heated, and now and then the shrill voice of a woman could be heard.

The enraged man yelled: "When you went into this thing you agreed to take one sixth of the money, and now you want half—you're a liar if you say you didn't. And yes—and what did you do? Nothing but stand out in the bushes and hold the horses while me and Red had to fight three men and blow up a car to get the money. I ain't a-goin' to stand for it; I'm a goin' to kill you like a dog right now."

The door at the far end of the boat flew open, and out rushed a man pursued by another man who was much taller than the first one. I could see the flash of a big knife in the tall man's hand. In a few jumps he caught the smaller man and slashed him across the arm with the knife. He might have inflicted further and more serious injury upon the object of his wrath, but the tall man's foot caught in a seine that was spread out on the ground, and he fell on his hands and knees. Before he could regain his feet the other man had made good his escape in the dense undergrowth of the vast hardwood forest that surrounded us on all sides.

The woman had run out of the boat behind the men, and as she and the tall man wildly shouted at each other I poked my head round the other side of the sycamore and looked in the stern door of the boat. There on the table, with the morning sunlight shining right upon it through an open window, was the biggest pile of paper money I had ever seen in my life. It was all done up in bundles and looked like a fortune.

For a time I did not dare to move, but waited until I thought it was safe to make a dash for home. I began to slip away as quietly as I could, but that awful man caught sight of me and came running.

"Stop thar, you little thief!" he called. "What you doin' sneakin' round my boat? I'm a-goin' to slit your throat from year to year!"

I ran madly. I fell over a log and was tripped by vines, but I escaped from my pursuer. Even after he was out of sight I kept up a steady trot all the way home.

I had heard of a big robbery that had taken place about a week before across the river in Arkansas. Some miscreants had held up a train and robbed the express company of a very large sum in currency. From what I had now heard and seen I was satisfied that these were two of the men who had committed the crime.

As soon as I reached home I reported my experience to my uncle. He said we should notify the plice, and we started out at once for the police station. The city marshal had me tell my story and at once sent a squad of police and detectives out in 'Hatchie bottom to the point I described. We learned later that when they arrived the yellow shanty boat and the robbers were nowhere to be found.

One of the detectives took me and my uncle up to the express building on Court Square to see the superintendent of the express company. The superintendent was a large, smooth-faced man with a big voice. He questioned me closely, then he bawled out loudly:

"Look here, Wilkerson, and listen to what this young man says."

Wilkerson came in with a pencil and pad of paper. He was evidently the stenographer and private secretary. They shut all the doors and made me tell every detail of what I had seen and heard, and Wilkerson took it all down in shorthand.

As soon as I had told all I knew the superintendent began to pace the floor and talk in a very loud, full voice.

"We are very much obliged to you, young man," he said, "for your prompt action in this matter. The tall man you saw cut the other with a knife is Hamon, one of the boldest train robbers in the country. I want to say to you right now, young man, that this company has offered a reward of five thousand dollars for Zeke Hamon, dead or alive; and if the information you have given leads to his capture, dead or alive, you will get your share of the money. If you see anything more of this band of criminals, telegraph me at once, collect, and you may win the reward yet."

After leaving the express company's office I lost no time in getting down to the Ocean Queen and relating my adventure to Charley, John and Hicks. Our friend, the former owner of the Ocean Queen, was extremely interested in my account. When I described the yellow boat and the woman and the tall man with the knife, Hicks exclaimed:

"Yes, sir; that was Hamon and Ginnie—his wife. You never should have been monkeyin' round there. That's one of the most vicious men on the river from Itasca to the Gulf. You know what he did about nine years ago? He had robbed a bank up here in Missouri, and he beat it down to his shanty boat. I was on to him, and I was goin' to turn him into the police and get a reward, but he suspicioned me and tried to kill me one night up at Caruthersville with a knife. That's his long suit. And he would have

done it too if it hadn't been for the captain of a tow boat, which, seeing my crippled condition, came to my assistance. You see they've got no inspectors on the river, no union depots and iron gates, and no police—nothin'. Whenever he pulls off a big robbery he and Ginnie get into a shanty boat and just quietly float down of a night and hide away, and every day they're in a different place, and they've never been arrested yet. That's why the express company is willin' to give five thousand dollars for him, dead or alive. If Hamon comes round here, I'll tell you right now, I'm going to pull my freight for Hen and Chickens."

Hicks referred to the Hen and Chickens islands several miles up the Mississippi. This group of islands consists of one large island and a number of small islands.

WE now had our stock of goods on board and were very busy arranging and marking prices on each and every item. One thing we needed was some tents, as we expected to do a little hunting and camping on our way south. For some time we could not solve the problem of the tents, as we had spent so much money; even John and Charley were running low in funds. One day I was talking to my uncle's cousin, who was a physician and a mighty fine man, and I told him how much we needed tents. He said he had some that he had been ordered to burn because they were supposed to have been occupied by patients with contagious diseases, but that some of them had not been used at all, and he supposed he might as well give them to us as take them out and burn them. He told me to come to the hospital the next day at a certain hour. We were there an hour ahead of time, and we had three or four little negro boys hired for the occasion. The doctor took us out to a big warehouse and pointed out two large boxes.

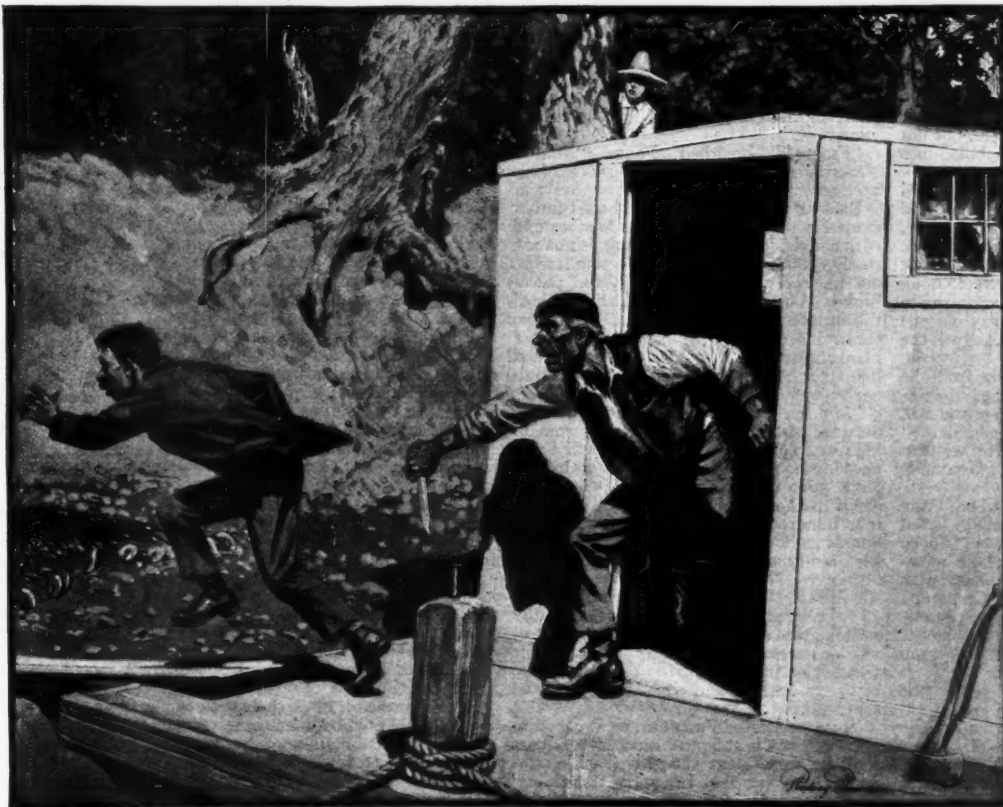
"Here are some tents," he said, "that have never been opened. You can have them if you take them out today. I am going to burn all the other tents you see here."

We packed tents nearly all that day. There were eight tents; and it was a very long, hot road for a boy with one end of a heavy tent and pole on his shoulder. But with us it was what the poets would call a labor of love. Our eyes glistened with excitement. We panted and tugged and pulled and trotted along with the sweat rolling off us in streams, but we were supremely happy. We were certainly well fitted out. There were "A" tents and round tents and big tents and little tents.

The next day while we were working on the boat John came running down the bank in great excitement—his face as red as a beet.

"When I was coming through the lumber yard up there just now," he said, "one of the meanest looking men I ever saw walked up to me and accused me of hiding behind a tree and eavesdropping round his boat on 'Hatchie River. He pulled out a long knife and said he was going to cut my ears off, so that I wouldn't be able to listen to things that didn't concern me. I ran all the way down here, and he may be coming after me any minute. He's

(Continued on page 933)



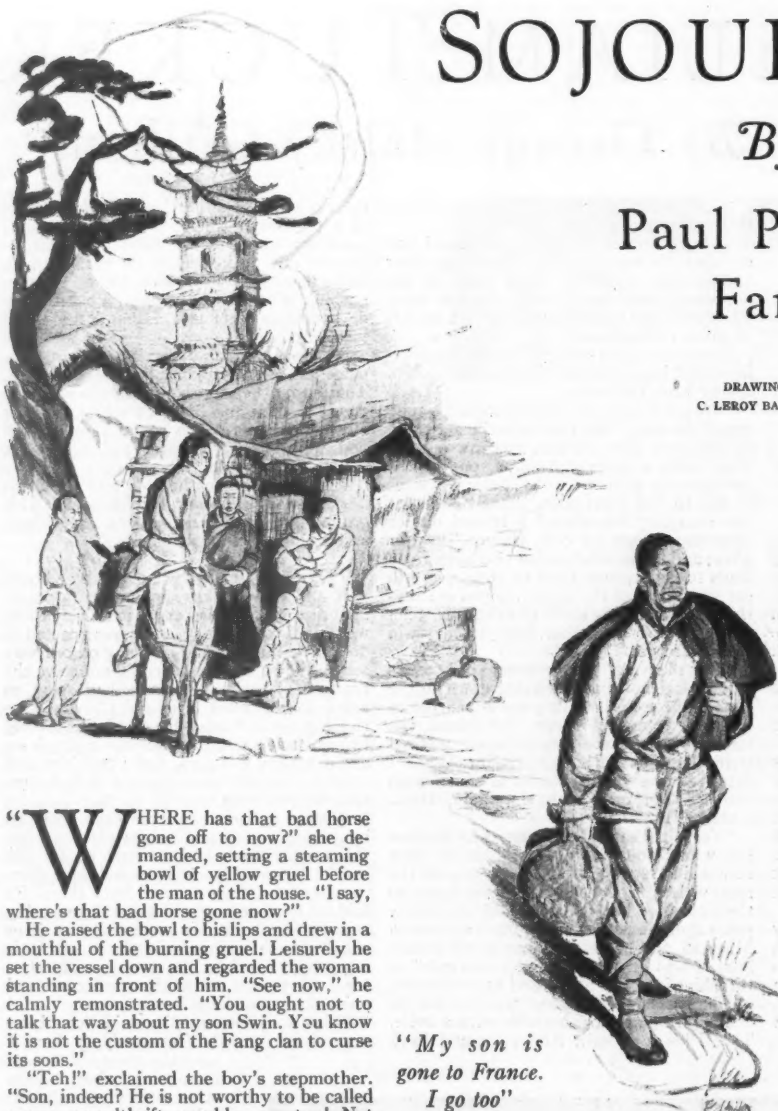
I could see the flash of a big knife in the tall man's hand

IN THE LAND OF THEIR SOJOURNING

By

Paul Patton
Faris

DRAWINGS BY
C. LEROY BALDRIDGE



"WHERE has that bad horse gone off to now?" she demanded, setting a steaming bowl of yellow gruel before the man of the house. "I say, where's that bad horse gone now?"

He raised the bowl to his lips and drew in a mouthful of the burning gruel. Leisurely he set the vessel down and regarded the woman standing in front of him. "See now," he calmly remonstrated. "You ought not to talk that way about my son Swin. You know it is not the custom of the Fang clan to curse its sons."

"Teh!" exclaimed the boy's stepmother. "Son, indeed? He is not worthy to be called a son—spendthrift, gambler, wanton! Not here for supper, didn't sleep here, not here for breakfast now!"

The man carefully wiped his mouth with the towel that hung at his girdle. "Go back to your kettle," he bade her briefly.

Breathing out disgusted defiance, but not daring to disobey, the woman hobbled into the smoky kitchen.

Fang Gwang Da emptied the bowl, filled and lighted his long-stemmed pipe and stood outside the door of his carpenter shop, moodily gazing down the muddy street. "Yes," he said to himself, "without a doubt the woman's words are half correct. Long years waited I for the birth of a son, a son to honor the clan and bring my gray old age with peace to the grave. Born at last was the son."

Several times he drew the smoke from the tiny-bowled pipe; then he tapped the instrument on the lintel to discharge the ash. "Yes. My son. Spendthrift, gambler—" Deeply and audibly sighed the father of a worthless son. "I must inquire where he is and lead him home."

But the village innkeeper, to whom Fang went at once, would give no definite word concerning the son's whereabouts. "To be sure he was here last evening," he reluctantly acknowledged, "playing money with the other young men. But he is gone, and I know not whither. Two facts only I possess. One, your son lost much money. Two, he left my inn in the company of that English camp follower, Sie Dei Sheng."

Fang groaned. "That bad egg!" he muttered.

Grimly he turned from the inn and began to ask curt questions of the shopkeepers along the street. Too speedily his fears were confirmed; Sie Dei Sheng, recruiting agent of the British army, seeker of Chinese laborers for work behind the lines in France, was gone. With him had disappeared half a

"My son is
gone to France.
I go too"

dozen of the village ne'er-do-wells, among them Fang Swin, sole heir to the tools and trade of Fang Gwang Da, carpenter and joiner.

"France!" breathed Fang. "France! Nevermore will my son see the graves of his ancestors."

Back to his shop slowly the bereft father made his way. He took up his brushes and with care laid the last coat of varnish on the costly coffin that he was completing for the old mother of Gin Yu Sheng, the pawnbroker. When the task was ended he wiped the brushes, filled his pouch with tobacco, threw his canvas cash bag and a roll of blankets over his shoulder and summoned his wife. A new-born but iron determination was on his set lips.

"My son has gone to France," without outward perturbation he said to the woman. "He will fight for England and will bring undying honor to the clan. I go with him. Hold your clattering tongue! Deliver the coffin to the pawnbroker. He will pay you four hundred strings of cash, for he is as honest as he is exacting. That will last you till I send money from France. I go."

WITHOUT another word Fang Gwang Da stepped out of the door, carefully avoiding the sill as he went, and rapidly set off down the street of Fang Gia Lou, the village that had known the carpenter shop of Fangs, fathers and sons, for uncounted centuries.

"I go," repeated Fang Gwang Da to himself. "My son is gone to France. Nevermore shall he worship at the graves of his ancestors. I go too that I may die with him."

The transport Yorkshire lay in the harbor six weeks later, receiving a cargo of Chinese coolies. The last lighter was about to leave

the shore with her five hundred Chinese when one of the Orientals on her deck without warning leaped over the side, alighted on the dock and ran across the twenty feet of wooden flooring.

Confusion broke out among his fellow countrymen on board. One of them, a tall young man, started to run after him, but a snapped order from a British officer sent him back in sullen wonder. "There will be no wholesale desertion at the last minute from this vessel," declared the officer. "Bring that man back!"

But the last command was unnecessary. Already the man was running toward the lighter, holding close to his blouse a soiled towel in which was wrapped something that he evidently considered very precious.

"Of all the blinking foolishness!" exclaimed another officer in the ear of his chief. "Did you see what that coolie did? Grabbed a lump of earth and wrapped it up—to take with him to France, I daresay!"

A weary grunt was the reply.

The tall young Chinese on the deck looked curiously at the returning man bearing the towel-load of earth. The man sought him out in the crowd and stood silently by him.

"Father," said the young man, "here are our blankets, our clothing, our pipes and even our own vessel for making tea. Then why burden ourselves with a handful of dirty soil?"

Without emotion the older man looked at him, but the glow of a deed well done shone in his eyes. "That the gods will reveal in time, my son," he returned.

The lighter left the shore, bearing five hundred Chinese laborers, including Fang Gwang Da and his son, on the first stage of the long seaway to the land across the oceans. And so they went to France, the two of them together.

The steamer Yorkshire many weeks afterward deposited at a French port several thousand Chinese laborers, now a fairly well-disciplined band of men ready to do their part by building railways and huts, loading cars with munitions and provisions and digging long lines of trenches to win the war for freedom. They landed in a foreign land halfway round the world, strangers, unable to speak the language of their officers or the language of the people of the country, and withal unashamedly sick for the sights and sounds and soil of home.

That night, before he and his son should take their first sleep in France, Fang Gwang Da sought his teapot, filled it with boiling water and tossed in some tea. Then while Swin gazed in wonder the carpenter of Fang Gia Lou took from his pack a soiled towel wrapped about a bit of earth from his native land. From the bit of earth he took as much as you could hold between thumb and finger and cast it into the pot.

"Now, son, drink," he bade, pouring the hot tea into a cup made from a tin that once held Golden Crown cigarettes.

A solemnity was in his father's eyes, a solemnity like that of an aged Buddhist

priest intent on a rite of his office. Consumed with curiosity, but not daring to question his father, the boy slowly sipped the fluid, then drank it at a gulp.

"Good!" said the carpenter of Fang Gia Lou approvingly. "It is done!"

"What is done, father?" the young man ventured to ask.

"What you have done is done, my son," enigmatically responded the older man. "You have drunk of the soil of the Middle Flowery Land, the land where sons reverence their fathers from generation to generation. While we sojourn in France you shall thus drink, lest you forget the filial love of your native land."

For a month Fang Gwang Da and his son Swin worked side by side, digging trenches to be used if the enemy should continue his heart-breaking advance. They worked not by the day but by a "task system," each coolie being given a specified number of yards of trench to dig. When the task was completed the men were free for the rest of the day.

Father and son daily commenced their labor at the same hour, and at the same hour they ceased their work. But from the other laborers it was no secret that, though the two together did the work of two men, the father performed much more than half the double task. Swin made no comments; his father uttered no complaints.

YET the father was not untroubled. "I am not so young as a few years ago," Fang Gwang Da meditatively acknowledged. "My strength will not always endure if we two are daily to complete our work as soon as the others are done with theirs. Besides, the dampness of the new trenches is not good for the health of the boy. If the gods are attentive to our needs, a better task will soon be given us."

Not only on the carpenter of Fang Gia Lou were troubles gathering; the commanding officer of the labor company also was in difficulty. As a result of some change of mind among those higher in authority it was suddenly determined to reduce by one third the amount of rations provided for the laborers.

"It means disaster," the captain said to his officers. "The men are complaining even now that their food is not enough. Perhaps, though, a change of cooks will help somewhat."

At the usual morning parade of the company next day the captain and his inter-



"Good!" said the carpenter. "It is done!"

preter were present. Through the interpreter the captain called for all persons who could prepare Chinese food to stand forth.

"It may be the gods," thought Fang Gwang Da, "or it may be the demons—who knows?" Among the half-dozen men who were taken to conference with the captain was Fang Gwang Da, who all his fifty years had been a carpenter.

One by one the candidates were rejected—one because of slovenliness in appearance, one because of his reputation for trouble-brewing, another because of his shifty eyes and sly, cruel smile. But the carpenter of Fang Gia Lou was neatly clothed; he bore an excellent reputation, and his face was frank and open.

"How long have you cooked in China?" demanded the captain of Fang Gwang Da. "Seven years, Exalted One," boldly replied the carpenter.

"Attend then, No. 71,342," continued the officer. "Beginning tomorrow, our rations are cut one-third. Do you think that you can prepare the food so economically and so well that the men will make no complaint?" No glint in the eye of the carpenter betrayed the sinking of his heart. "I can," courageously he answered.

"Then you are head cook on a week's trial beginning at once. Go to the cookhouse."

"Wait a moment," the new head cook begged the interpreter. "Ask the captain to permit my son to be one of my assistants."

Impatiently the commanding officer heard the translated request. "Very well," he said.

To the cookhouse proceeded Fang Gwang Da and his stalwart son, the father bearing with him an old teapot and a bundle wrapped in a piece of soiled toweling. "Drink!" a few moments later he commanded his son. "Drink—and the gods extend their grace to us this day!"

"It is incredible!" the commanding officer confided a week afterwards to the officers sitting with him at his table. "We are drawing one-third smaller rations than a week ago, yet the men are quite content. All I hear them say, when I question them on the subject, is to one effect, 'Now the food is good!' That new cook is a marvel!"

The day's work in the cookhouse was done. All the cooks were gone except the carpenter of Fang Gia Lou and his tall son. "Drink!" said Fang Gwang Da. "Drink! The gods have extended their grace to you and to me, my son."

As month followed month, bringing air raids on the camp and even an occasional shell from the enemy's guns, Fang Gwang Da, head cook of Company 961, was content, but he was not satisfied. He was content because his son, instead of undergoing the rigors of work out of doors in occasional sunshine and in customary rain and clinging mud, was safely sheltered in the cookhouse. Yet he was not satisfied because the boy still was not such a son as would make him proud when he should exhibit him to the villagers of Fang Gia Lou after the war, when they all were safe once more in the Middle Flowery Land. Not only was the boy inclined a trifle toward indolence; worse indeed than even his love of gambling—natural enough in any young man—was his continued tendency to seek his own counsel and

stove and poured out a cup of the liquid. "Drink!" he commanded.

Obediently the boy drank the cupful, then with a muttered excuse went out to seek his bed.

"But surely he is improving," the father hopefully meditated. "He is under my eye every hour; he drinks the potent tea. He is not in truth a bad boy; surely he is becoming more of a son to me. Would that it could be revealed to me that in my old age he will be a son indeed! If the gods treat me well, some day no doubt they will give me a sign, submit the boy to a test that will bring out all

covered a frightened, grimy and starving young man quite twenty miles away.

"Yes, all that a man has will he give for his life," acknowledged Fang Gwang Da as he mused. "All that he has—except perhaps the honor and respect that he owes to his father and to his father's fathers before him."

He tapped his pipe on the edge of the table and let the ashes fall on the cookhouse floor. "Even so. Some day the gods will declare it." He blew out the paraffin lamp and went to bed.

Seldom came to the Chinese the frequent

shoulders. But before they set out the father drew his son to the cookhouse and threw a bit of earth into the pot of tea simmering on the stove.

"Drink, my son," quietly urged the head cook, "and I shall drink with you. The gods extend their grace to us this day." So they drank, the two of them together.

With a definite task before them, and with the long-familiar movement of the swaying carrying-pole between them, the volunteers on their outward road thought not too much of the dangers of the journey. Even when they passed the smouldering dump, and a shell, sharply exploding near them, made the boy in front lose a step in his swinging stride, the pair did not halt or hesitate. "We have drunk, my son," the man called ahead. "The gods have marked our destiny."

So the two went on together.

More difficult, however, was the return journey. No genially accustomed load swung between them; they had abandoned even the carrying pole, reminiscent of days of home and of long ago, that they might make better and safer progress.

The man detected hesitancy and furtive glances on the part of the boy as they drew near the spot of greatest peril. "Rouse your heart, my son," he encouraged him. "Another li, and all will be well. We have drunk together; we must remember, son."

Fifty yards farther on a shell in the burning pile near them burst and threw its fragments in every direction. The older man fell to the ground. "Lie down, my son!" he gasped.

White as the chalk that underlay the soil they trod was the face of the boy as he obeyed. "You are hit, my father!" he cried in a moment, gazing at a red stream that flowed from the man's torn side.

"It is the will of heaven, my son," responded the man. "Attend now and listen well to all I say. Go back to the cookhouse. Drink the earth-tea daily. Do your duty." He frowned at the pain of his wound. "When the time has come to return go back in honor to the Middle Flowery Land. At Fang Gia Lou you are head of the house; be then a careful workman as a carpenter, my son, and be not afraid to look men in the face. You have done a deed of honor while you have been in France, a deed worthy of the ancient clan of Fang. Now leave me, my son, and save yourself."

Slowly, so slowly that he scarcely realized what was happening, a revolt was rising in the long-dormant soul of Fang Swin. The blood of his ancestors was proving itself in his veins. How could he leave his

father there to die alone on the chalky soil of France? As he pondered the older man uttered a sigh and gently lost consciousness.

Without knowing that he had willed to do so, the boy picked up the body of his father, threw it across his shoulder and began to stagger toward the distant camp. Another shell burst just behind him. Swin did not even hear it. He was in the grip of a new life, a life in which shells and enemies had no place.

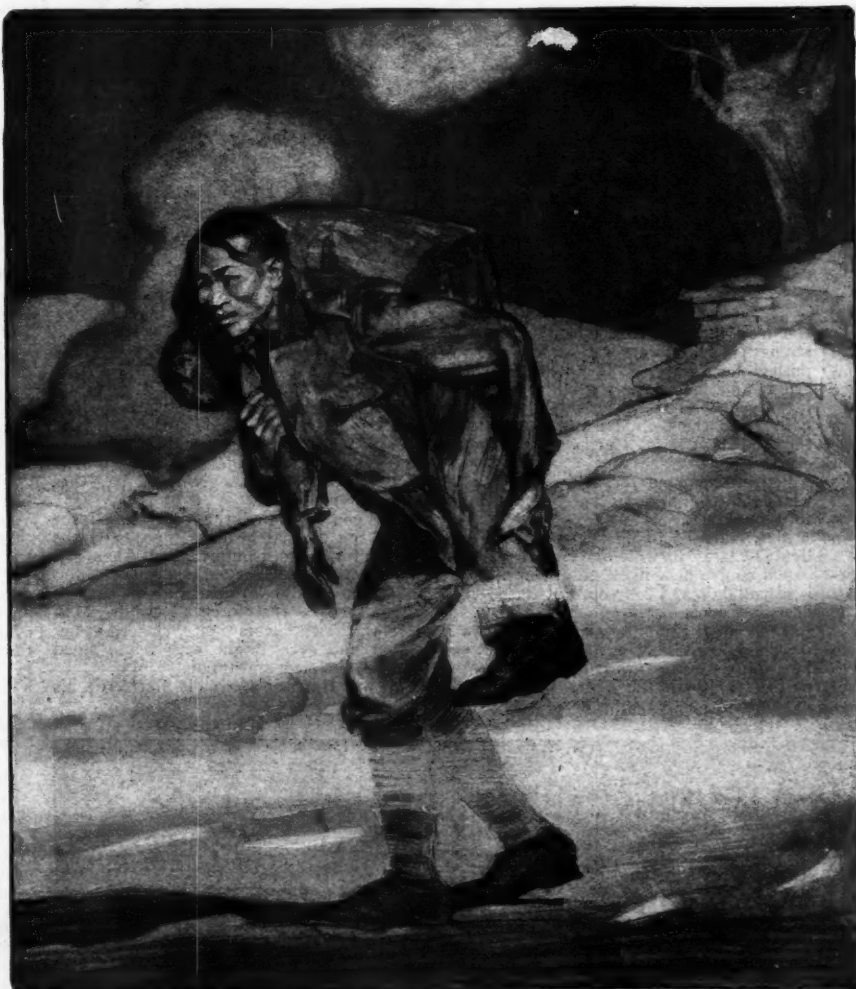
Army orders and army honors are strangely slow in certain areas. Hence it was not for four months that Company 961 was paraded in order that there might be given publicly to two of its number an honor the notification of which had just arrived from headquarters. The company then was on the eve of its departure for the Channel coast and for home.

The parade was formed. An officer stepped to the front, bearing in one hand two medals, each adorned with a ribbon of white and wine. In his other hand he held a bit of parchment, from which he read, adding a few words of his own. All was translated by the ever-present interpreter.

"The Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies, the Field Marshal, has conferred the medal for meritorious service on coolie No. 71,342, Fang Gwang Da, and on coolie No. 71,343, Fang Swin, Chinese Labor Corps, for carrying rations under fire."

"Seven-one-three-four-two! Seven-one-three-four-three!" called the interpreter. "Step forward!"

Then they stepped to the front a tall



The boy began to stagger toward the distant camp



comfort with utter disregard of the ripe judgment of his parent. Such a course, if persisted in, inevitably would produce a man who in his father's old age would begrudge him every bit of food he ate, and who when his father should have left the world would neglect the needs of the departed spirit and leave it deserted, friendless and unrequited through all the eternal ages.

Fang Gwang Da sighed deeply—the sigh of a Chinese, full and loud and meaningful.

"What is the trouble now, my father?" inquired the son, resting comfortably on a bench beside the cook house stove.

There was sternness in the older man's care-worn face. Silently he threw a pinch of earth into the pot of tea simmering on the

the good that has come into his veins from his fathers, and set my soul at peace."

His eyes gleamed as he pondered. "A test—yes, and what test would be so searching, so powerful in good to him, as a test in which he risks his own life simply because I bid it?"

The cook's thoughts reverted to the searing events of seven weeks before, when the first enemy air raid struck the camp. At night as the laborers slumbered there had been the rumble, the roar of an enemy airplane. A bomb had dropped a hundred yards away and exploded with a terrifying sound. The other laborers awoke in quivering fear, but Fang Gwang Da lay motionless. There came another explosion. A tent fell flat to earth, and its occupants, white-faced but whole, extricated themselves from the wreckage. On the instant the camp was a babel, a bedlam, a rout. The British officers called to the men in haste to seek shelter in the dugouts provided for the purpose, and Fang Gwang Da leaped to his feet and lunged toward his son to seize him by the arm and take him to safety. But he grasped only the air; the boy was gone. He heard the voice of Swin as he tore down the camp street away from the ruin wrought by the awful bomb.

"Swin!" he called. "Son, all is well!"

But the fleeing boy lingered not, nor heard the words. He ran as if every fiend of the foe were at his flying heels.

All night the father pursued him. All the following day and night he searched for him. It was only on the second day that he dis-

appeal of war days, "Who will go?" Yet the day arrived when it came to Company 961. Enemy fire had set part of a munition dump ablaze, and close to the dump ran the only road by which communication was maintained with a detachment of coolies working a mile to the east of the rest of the company.

"Who is to carry their rations to them to-night?" inquired the harassed captain. "I cannot order any of the coolies to go. Yet the men must have their food."

Then was issued the appeal to Company 961. The interpreter explained the situation frankly in tones so loud and clear that the sounds penetrated to the cookhouse. Fang Swin went out to see what was happening, and his faithful father followed him.

"Two men are needed. Who will volunteer?" For the third time rang out the interpreter's translating appeal.

From the group of men at the end of the company line, listening intently but without much interest, there stepped an elderly laborer, his hand firmly grasping the arm of his reluctant son. "We will go, Exalted One!" the older man cried.

With relief the captain looked at the two, then hesitated. "But you are our cooks," he objected.

"Who should carry food if not the cooks, Exalted One?" demanded the man. "As for the cooking, the other cooks are well trained."

The response seemed unanswerable. The offer was accepted, and father and son soon were on their way to the danger zone with the provisions slung on a pole borne on their

young man, wearing a sheepish grin, and a bent old man, glorified by a smile of joy and pride. The two received the medals and their bit of parchment, then quietly walked back to the company cookhouse. On the way coolie No. 71,342 said to coolie No. 71,343: "It is good to drink of the earth-tea together, my son. You drank alone, and I was troubled. We drank together, and all was well. Verily the gods have extended their grace to us, my son."

When the steamer Yorkshire was about to loose its moorings at a Channel port, on its way to the Yellow Sea, one of the Orientals on its deck without warning leaped over the side, alighted on the dock and ran across the twenty feet of wooden flooring. In an instant he was back, with a huge piece of chalk rock held close against his blouse.

Calmly the tall laborer whom he rejoined on the deck watched him as he tossed a particle of the white substance into the tea-

pot standing on the deck. "It is cold, the tea," said the older man, "but it is good. Let us drink!"

They took a sup, first the father, then the son. When the rite was completed the young man looked inquiringly at the elder.

"Yes, Swin," replied Fang Gwang Da. "What we have done is done, my son. We must drink of the soil of France, the land where men achieve brave deeds and acquire courageous souls—where the honor of their

fathers comes into fullness of fruitage. We must drink, my son, lest we forget the land of our sojourning."

Sharp words of command rang out on the steamer. The vessel began to move. A few minutes more and from the deck Fang Gwang Da and Swin, his son, were gazing their last at the chalk-white cliffs of France.

And so they returned to the Middle Flowery Land and to the graves of their ancestors, the two of them together.

THE GLORY OF PEGGY HARRISON

By David Loraine and
Arthur Floyd Henderson

V. DISASTER STRIKES THE HOME

JACOB SWAN was sweeping out the store when Mrs. Harrison's terrified cry reached him. He dropped the broom and ran to the door, almost colliding with Clara Burns as she rushed from the prescription room. He was a step ahead of the girl as they pounded up the stairs to the Harrison apartment.

At the top he stopped short in the doorway. His mouth opened, and his eyes went big at what he saw. Henry Harrison was lying back in his chair, limp, eyes closed, mouth open and arms hanging straight down. His wife was on her knees, chafing one of the hands and addressing him incoherently. To Jacob Swan it meant only one thing: Henry Harrison was stricken again!

But it meant nothing of the sort to Clara Burns. Pushing past the immobile little druggist, she ran to the limp figure, felt of his wrists and then with quick, deft fingers loosened his collar.

"Get the bed ready," she said to Mrs. Harrison. "All the blankets you've got in the house."

Mrs. Harrison, looking dazed and bewildered, obeyed like a child.

"Jake!" said Clara sharply—using the familiar name for the first time in her life. "Don't stand there doing nothing! Help carry him!"

She put her arm under the shoulders of

the man, but before she could exert her strength Jacob Swan was at her side; he pushed her away. "I'll do it," he said gruffly and, lifting the wasted form, carried it, as gently as a mother might carry her baby, into the bedroom and placed it on the bed that Mrs. Harrison had hastily opened.

"Now telephone for a doctor—quick!" Clara said to him and turned her attention to the sick man.

Mrs. Harrison found her voice. "Will he live! O Clara—he isn't—he can't be—"

"Of course he'll live!" said Clara. "That is, if you'll do as I tell you. Put water on to heat. Get some towels—"

Then as the mother, still much like a bewildered child, hastened to carry out the instructions Clara turned once more to the patient. This was the Clara Burns that all

Millville knew and loved—Clara, who during the influenza epidemic at the close of the war had given of her time and strength, risked her health, her very life, to nurse back to health and happiness victims whom the plague had struck. Into many homes, rich and poor alike, she had gone boldly, bravely, with no thought save only to help. And now again she was giving the best that she had—for others.

She gently chafed the thin hands; she lifted the tousled head and adjusted the pillow for more comfort; and when the water was hot she soaked one of the towels in it and passed it with experienced, capable hands across the forehead while Mrs. Harrison, with fingers tightly clasped at her throat and eyes bright with tears, stood close by, helpless and tragic.

Henry Harrison's eyelids fluttered; his

lips moved; then his eyes opened in vacant wonder.

"Henry!" cried Mrs. Harrison. "Henry, dear!" She dropped to her knees beside the bed and passed her hands caressingly over the coverlet.

At that moment Doctor Weeks, followed by Jacob Swan, entered the room; both were out of breath. The little druggist had tried to telephone, failed to get the number at once and then, in his anxiety, had run half a dozen blocks to fetch the doctor bodily!

Doctor Weeks entered the bedroom, opened his bag on a chair and then bent over the patient. Clara stood close at hand, like a trained nurse, ready to execute any command. He put his fingers on the man's pulse; then he adjusted his stethoscope and listened to the heart.

The examination was not lengthy; a much less experienced practitioner than Doctor Weeks would soon have learned the condition of the man. The doctor withdrew into the adjoining room.

"We must get him to the hospital right away," he said to the mother. Then in answer to the unspoken question in her eyes he added, "It's absolutely necessary that he have good food and enough of it. He must have warm, sunny quarters. He's a sick man, a very sick man; no need to tell you that. But don't you worry too much, Mrs. Harrison; I'll look after things. Now just let me go down and telephone."

Half an hour later Henry Harrison, thoroughly conscious now but still weak and inarticulate, was carried downstairs and placed in the ambulance to take him to the hospital at the other end of the town. Mrs. Harrison and Clara stood side by side at the window, Clara with her arm round the older woman's shoulders.

"It's the best thing for him, Mrs. Harrison," said Clara comfortingly. "You'll be able to go and see him every day; and he'll have the best of care—ever so much better than what we could give him here. Don't cry now, Mrs. Harrison. Just let me make you a cup o' tea."

THE ambulance moved off; the little crowd of onlookers who had gathered lingered to talk a while, then broke up and departed. Mrs. Harrison sank into a chair. She took a fresh grip on herself; for her own sake; for Peggy's sake, she must not give up hope! Her thoughts turned into a new channel, and—

"Clara," she said aloud, "how—how can I ever write and tell Peggy? Oh, the poor child! Clara, I can't, I can't—and yet I must."

Clara passed her the cup of steaming tea. "Peggy's a brave girl," she said. "It'll be a shock to her to hear about it of course, but she's strong—and what girl wouldn't want to be with her mother in a case like this? I'll telegraph if you like, or write."

"No, I'll do it," said the mother. "I'll write. A telegram would be too—too cruel."

But Mrs. Harrison could not compose herself to write that morning; and at noon—as if her sorrow were not already heavy enough—Tommy came home from school complaining of headache and pains in his back.

"I'm all cold and shivery," he said, hunching his shoulders.

Clara had been in and out of the flat all morning; she came in at that moment.

"Clara," said the mother, "I'm afraid Tommy's cold has settled in his back. It aches him—and his head, too. I think I'd better have the doctor see him."

The girl felt of his forehead; it was hot and dry. She looked at his eyes and then had him stick out his tongue. "Yes," she



DRAWN BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

"We must get him to the hospital right away," said Doctor Weeks

said, "I'll go down and telephone to Doctor Weeks right away."

Mrs. Harrison did not write to Peggy that day, for when the doctor arrived he examined the boy and then in a low voice spoke a word that is dreaded the world over—pneumonia.

"Not that!" There was anguish and terror in the mother's partly suppressed cry.

But in the next hour Doctor Weeks gave her little time for expressions of grief. He ordered the boy's bed brought out into the front room, which was the only room that had fresh air and sunlight, and he himself helped with the heavy work. He ordered the furniture moved about; and the three of them working together did everything that, in the circumstances, human hands could possibly do for the comfort of a sick boy.

NEVERTHELESS Tommy's fever increased, his eyes grew round and glassy, and by evening he was delirious. Doctor Weeks was in almost constant attendance.

During her brief moments of inactivity Mrs. Harrison was almost distraught. What with her boy dangerously ill, her husband close to death at the hospital and her only daughter away from home the poor woman felt that life had become a hideous, terrible thing, overwhelming in its cruelty. Two things—and only two things—saved her. One was Clara Burns with her skill, her industry and her sympathy. The other was her faith. Prayer was always in the mother's heart, frequently on her lips. She must not give up. She must not lose hope. Somehow she must make herself believe that all would come right. And while she prayed for hope and strength she gave thanks for her blessings—for Clara, for Mr. Swan and Doctor Weeks and for a daughter like Peggy who would soon be with her to share her burden.

The day passed, and the long night dragged by slowly, oh, so slowly! Then came the dawn, and another day was before them. Mrs. Harrison went to the hospital in the morning and again in the afternoon, but each time she was told that her husband was asleep and must not be wakened. It was hard not to be able to see him, but she found consolation in the thought that for another

day at least the knowledge of Tommy's illness would be safe from him.

Toward midnight of that second evening Mrs. Harrison was sitting up with the sleeping boy, ready to attend his slightest want, or to call the doctor, if necessary. Clara Burns, worn out with her day's labor, was asleep in the next room. Mrs. Harrison, too, wanted to sleep, but she fought the feeling. Not another day must pass without her writing a line to her daughter. She picked up the old pen from the table and, dipping it in the ink, drew the pad toward her.

"Dear Peggy," she began, and as she wrote, there by the flickering gas lamp, she made a picture that gained in value by contrast with another that the reader has seen—that of Mrs. Neal Goucher seated, pen in hand, at her gilt-and-ivory secretary writing to the president of the biggest department store in New York. Before Mrs. Harrison had written more than a line the letters were blurred with her tears. "O Peggy!" she murmured. "My poor darling Peggy!"

It is an interesting fact that Alan Crosby, the president of a company that sold medium-priced garments to not very fastidious patrons, was an extremely well-dressed man himself. He was distinguished looking, even startling. He stood close to six feet, five inches in his stocking feet, and he was broad in proportion—a heavy-shouldered, angular man with large hands and feet and an enormous forehead. Most people, observing for the first time that massive brow, with its shaggy sandy eyebrows above the little blue eyes as clear as turquoise; would have felt as Peggy felt—surprised and startled.

He extended his hand—a big hand with prominent knuckles. "Good morning," he said in a voice that seemed to come rumbling up from the depths of his stomach. But his tone was not hearty; rather, it was heavily polite and inquiring.

Peggy smiled and responded and then stood waiting as Crosby turned to draw a large leather chair in front of the fire of birch logs on the open hearth at the left. The office, she observed, was like a room in a private dwelling-house. The walls were

paneled in oak and matched the frames of several small oil paintings in excellent taste. The chairs were all of leather, deep and inviting. There was no desk; Mr. Crosby used for that purpose a long carved oak table, an heirloom that had supported the royal elbows of one of the early Stuart kings. Opposite the fire of birch logs were three leaded-glass windows that looked out over the river.

With a gesture Alan Crosby invited Peggy to sit down.

"Mrs. Goucher," he began abruptly when he, too, was seated, "suggests that I may be of some service to you—" He paused, and his big hand smoothed back the thin sandy hair from his forehead; it was plain that he was puzzled, perhaps suspicious—at any rate not quite sure what her letter meant. "Of course," he went on, "I'll be glad to do anything I can. Ah—just what is it that you want?"

Peggy was on the point of saying, "All I want is a job," but she felt that the remark would be a very bad beginning with this obviously diffident man; besides, she wanted more than that.

"Mr. Crosby," she said, leaning earnestly toward him, "I realize that a great many people try to see you every day, and that most of them want something from you—something for nothing," she added with a smile. "I do want something of course, but that's only secondary. And I don't want it for nothing. I've come to you because I have a suggestion that I think will help your business."

Alan Crosby nodded; he was not much impressed; he had given interviews to many others with the same idea.

"I have seen a good bit of department stores lately," Peggy continued. "I've watched the salesgirls and listened to them as they waited on customers. Some of them—like Miss Mandelle at the glove counter downstairs—are friendly and helpful, but most of them I think are curt and eager to finish a transaction just as soon as possible. And—I've known girls to be almost rude."

ALAN CROSBY looked quickly at her from under his shaggy brows; he thought he was beginning to understand. "Mrs. Goucher

has been having trouble?" he inquired uneasily, with a movement of his head toward the table where the letter was lying. "I don't know that she has," replied Peggy.

Alan Crosby looked more puzzled than before. Suddenly he stretched forth his hand and picked up the letter, studied it for a moment and then passed it to Peggy. "Perhaps you can explain the last sentence," he said.

Peggy read the note. "This is my young friend Peggy Harrison," it ran. "Anything you can do for her will be greatly appreciated by me. And there aren't too many like her in your store!"

She smiled slightly. "I didn't know Mrs. Goucher had written that," she said and passed the letter back to him. "And I don't know whether she is dissatisfied or not, but I know that others are. I think it's a pity that department stores can't be run like the general store in a small town—all the clerks helpful and willing to say a few friendly words that don't have anything to do with selling a piece of goods."

"It is a pity," Alan Crosby agreed. "I've thought so many times. If the thing could be done, I'd do it tomorrow. But it can't."

"I think it can," said Peggy quietly. "I know it may sound presumptuous of me to say so, but I've worked a number of years in a country store, and for more than two weeks I've been spending a good deal of time each day in the Mammoth and stores like it; and I think it can be done."

Alan Crosby was beginning to show real interest; his eyes sparkled, he moistened his lips. Here was a subject that he was tremendously interested in.

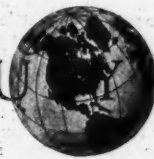
"How can it be done?" he demanded, looking straight at her. His little blue eyes were hard and calculating; his heavy forehead seemed more massive than ever.

Peggy returned his gimlet stare without flinching. "That's what I've come here to explain to you," she replied. "But it will take a good deal of your time."

"Time!" exclaimed Crosby. "I don't care how much time you take if in the end you can prove what you've just said."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THIS BU WORLD



Congress in Harness Again

The Sixty-ninth Congress is in session at Washington. The new Speaker of the House is Mr. Nicholas Longworth, a veteran Congressman from Ohio, who is also known to the public as the son-in-law of the late President Roosevelt. He is one of the most expert of parliamentarians, and one of the best-liked politicians in Washington. The President's message recommended administrative economy, general reduction of Federal taxation and the adherence of the United States to the World Court. A tax bill which is understood to meet the President's approval is already introduced and under discussion in the House, and it is generally predicted that a sufficient majority can be found to carry out his recommendations in regard to the World Court. On that subject, however, Senator Borah and a sturdy group of "irreconcilables" are still to be heard from; and it is not advisable to celebrate our adherence to the court until the measure is actually passed.

The Coal Mines and the Nation

Among the legislation already proposed in Congress is one bill sponsored by Mr. Victor Berger, the Socialist, instructing the President to occupy and operate the anthracite mines at once. Another, introduced by Senator Borah, simply authorizes the President to take over the mines whenever in his judgment a national emergency has arisen. Meanwhile the coal strike lags. It is probable that both sides would be glad to call it off, though neither party will consent to a settlement that looks at all like a surrender on its part. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania proposed a "compromise" that the miners were willing to accept as a basis for discussion, but the operators rejected it, on the ground that it offered no prospect of anything more than a truce, whereas they are holding out for a settlement of the question that shall give promise of permanency. This

effort for the settlement of the strike having broken down, the general opinion in the anthracite region is that the strike is likely to last through the winter.

Local Self-Government Ends in Italy

The first of Mussolini's "Fascist reforms" has gone booming through the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The new law puts an end to all local self-government through elected mayors and councilmen in more than 7500 towns and cities of Italy. The local administration is to be in the hands of "podestas,"—a title revived for the occasion from the Middle Ages,—all of whom are to be appointed by the government at Rome. Besides defending the measure as sure to improve the actual work of municipal administration the Fascist speakers praised it on grounds of political philosophy. "It is in line with the Roman conception of a united state," said one. "It transfers sovereignty from the people, an inchoate mass of living beings, to the State, juridically organized," said another. "It limits the right of suffrage, which with its political consequences was a dissolving element in the Italian State," declared a third. Economically fascism and sovietism are far apart. Politically they both aim at the destruction of democracy.

Shall Football Be Curbed?

Although the football fields are mostly covered with snow, and the ends and half-backs are hard at work on the hockey-rinks, discussion of the game itself still persists. The Crimson, the student newspaper at Harvard University, is out with a proposal to reduce what it considers the undesirable publicity given to college football and the undue importance it has assumed in college life. It suggests that the Harvard team play only three games in a season, that it be not

selected until after a month's play among class teams organized at the beginning of the fall term, and that there shall be no public sale of tickets to any Harvard football game. It is apparent that no such arrangement could be made unless two or three other institutions of Harvard's class were willing to adopt the same system, and we cannot believe that the chances for that are at present very great. But the suggestion will be widely discussed.

Briand Again

Aristide Briand is premier of France for the fifth time. The prestige he won at Locarno, and the skill he showed in breaking up the bloc of Radicals and Socialists that has governed France for a year or two, indicated him as the man of the moment. His health is not good, and his tenure of office may not be long, but he will make a sincere attempt to effect a settlement of the troublesome question of the foreign debt of France and to pitch on some way of getting out of the financial difficulties of the government without either a capital levy or repudiation. M. Loucheur is his Minister of Finance. Good luck to him!

Brisk Politics in Texas

Ever since Mrs. Miriam Ferguson—"Ma" Ferguson, as she was engagingly called during the campaign—was inaugurated governor of Texas, there has been restlessness in the Lone Star State. Mrs. Ferguson's husband, it will be remembered, is a former governor of the state, impeached and removed from office before the expiration of his term. It is alleged by opponents of the Ferguson régime that Mrs. Ferguson has been from the first a mere figurehead and that her husband has done all the governing. Mrs. Ferguson herself is ready to admit that she has been in-

fluenced by his advice in all things, since she had no political or administrative experience before her election. Now charges are made that the state highway board, with which ex-Governor Ferguson sat, has been guilty of graft and fraud in the letting of road contracts, and it is alleged that money has been paid to accomplish the release of some of the more than a thousand convicts whom Mrs. Ferguson has pardoned out of jail. Members of the legislature have demanded a special session to make an inquiry into these charges, and impeachment proceedings are suggested. The Governor refused to call a special session; and, although the constitution permits a certain number of the legislators to do so, by petition, it is at least doubtful whether the step will be taken. On her own part, Mrs. Ferguson is fighting back, by charging that the opposition to her is led and financed by wealthy violators of the Volstead Act, and she has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$500 for the conviction of any violator of the prohibitory law who can be shown to have more than \$5000 in property. She has also demanded the resignation of the president of the board of directors of the Texas Technological College, who is one of her critics, on the ground that he has been intoxicated in public.

The British Leave Cologne

Little by little the grasp of the allied nations on German territory, under the treaty of Versailles, relaxes. The British have evacuated Cologne and the districts to the north of the city, which they would have done last January if there had not been a doubt whether the Germans were really carrying out the stipulations for disarmament, made at Versailles. The Locarno agreement, too, has been signed, and the French occupation except for the valley of the Saar will soon be at an end. Germany will shortly be admitted to the League of Nations, as a member of the European concert in full equality with its associates.

FACT AND COMMENT

SPEECH HAS FALLEN into disrepute, because the weak, the vain and the crafty have abused it.

He whose Conversation Glistens
Sometimes Speaks, but always Listens.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS has two chief obstacles to encounter: the prejudice of the people who think it can do nothing, and the support of the people who think it can do everything.—Premier Baldwin of Great Britain.

CORRECT PRONUNCIATION is sometimes more important than it seems. A Worcester policeman arrested a man for driving a "coop" in such a way as to obstruct traffic. "Discharged," said the judge. "There is no such thing as a 'coop' on wheels."

LANGUAGE TEACHERS IN FRANCE offer to teach their pupils the English language as it is spoken either in England or in America. There is a difference, no doubt, yet it is not quite so great as the difference between French as it is spoken in Paris and as you hear it in the villages of Quebec.

SPANISH SCHOLARS who have been delving among the archives of the city of Toboso come to the surface with the news that Dulcinea, beloved of Don Quixote, really existed and bore in life the name of Dona Ana Martinez Zarco. "Real" she may have been then, but today, after three hundred years, how much less real than those "imaginary" persons Don Quixote himself and Sancho Panza!

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES, the naturalist and lover of animals, whose contributions to The Companion have given its readers so much pleasure, is to have a memorial that is peculiarly fitting and would probably have pleased him more than any other. The Bird Club of Meriden, N. H., his late dwelling place, is raising funds to perpetuate the Meriden Bird Sanctuary, which Mr. Baynes established and during his lifetime helped to maintain. It is a pleasant thought that he who was so eminently the spokesman of the birds should be remembered in the years to come by the songs of the humble friends whom he helped to save.

THE BLUEBIRDS' FAREWELL

IF you live in the country and have formed the habit of noticing little things, you may have seen early last month the bluebirds' farewell to their summer homes.

It is a curious and interesting performance to watch. When the birds came back last March from their winter in the South, each pair, after looking over the available apartments in the neighborhood, chose a hole in an apple tree or a box that some boy had put up, and proceeded to make a home of it by lining it with nest materials and raising a brood of young ones.

For a few weeks both the old birds and the young were to be seen near the nest, and their soft notes made some of the sweetest music of the spring and early summer. Then they fell silent and became elusive. Instead of seeing them constantly round the farm you have caught only occasional glimpses of them flitting quickly from fence post to telegraph pole, or from tree to ground.

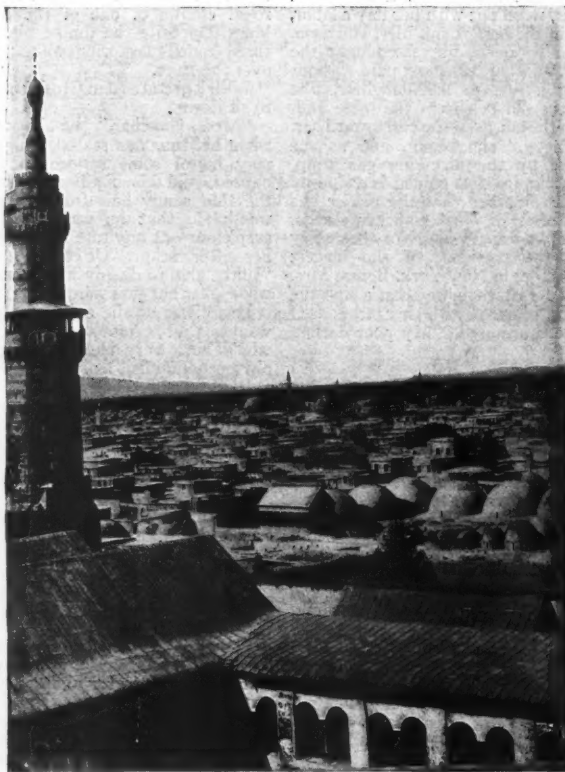
But early in November they suddenly reappeared. Their old haunts were once more lively with their presence and vocal with their music. The whole family had come together again, for a visit that was to last several weeks, to the place where the children were born and raised. One member after another goes into the little house, stays a few moments and comes out again. Then they all sit round on the branches by the door and talk. It is the bluebird Old Home Week.

"On the whole," says father, "we have done very well here. Of course there have been drawbacks. The bath room was inconveniently situated, that yellow cat has been a constant menace, and the dry summer made provisions scarce and high; but your mother and I have kept a sharp eye out. We have managed to get enough to eat, and none of us have been sick. I, for one, am grateful."

"Yes," says mother, "you children have

much to be thankful for. In this snug little home you were born, and here you spent your childhood. You have had a tight roof over your head and a comfortable bed to sleep in. If your food has not always been dainty, it has at least been wholesome. The neighbors have not troubled us much, though some of them have been noisy. So don't forget the old home just because we are going away.

"You, Ethel, have a good figure, and are likely to be engaged before you return. Try



Damascus, the oldest city in the world

FRANCE IN SYRIA

WHILE France is sinking deeper and deeper into a financial morass, and its government is wondering nervously where it is to find the money to pay its bonds and notes as they fall due, a great many million francs are being spent to support expensive military operations, not only against the Rifians in Morocco, but against revolting Arabs in Syria.

The Treaty of Versailles, as our readers will remember, provided that the allied nations, especially France and Great Britain, should have the right to organize and govern the former German colonies and the shattered fragments of the fallen Ottoman Empire under mandates from the League of Nations. Among the responsibilities that France assumed at the time was the government of Syria, the country that lies north of Palestine and west of the great Arabian desert. The French undertook the task, partly because there is a considerable Christian population among the mountains of Lebanon and in the valleys at their foot, of which France, since the seventeenth century, has claimed to be the protector. It has been many years since France really did anything to support that claim, but it was revived in 1919, partly, it was suspected, because France wanted to assert itself politically and not permit the entire Near East to fall under the British influence.

The venture has not proved a fortunate one. No one except the Maronite Christians, who are a minority of the population, welcomed the French. The Arabs, who are beginning everywhere to experience a revival of national consciousness, protested at once against French control and have kept on protesting. They saw in the collapse of the Turkish Empire an opportunity to gain political independence and to regain

the dominant position among the Mohammedan peoples, and they have always looked upon the French as intruders.

Little by little the exasperation increased. It was made worse by the harsh conduct of General Sarrail, the French Governor-General. It ended in a serious armed outbreak, led by the people called the Druses, who live among the hills and deserts south of Damascus, but evidently sympathized with by pretty much all the inhabitants of Syria except the Christians of Lebanon. The Druses are a peculiar people of Arabian stock, though with some mixture of other blood. They have a religion of their own, which no one else exactly understands, but which may be loosely described as a very heretical form of Mohammedanism. They are good fighters in their way, and they have made plenty of trouble for the French troops stationed in Syria. In the effort to suppress the revolt General Sarrail managed to stir up trouble in Damascus itself and then made the mistake of bombarding that historic city and killing a great many Syrians—some say several thousand of them. He has been recalled, a new governor, who is a civilian, has been sent out to Damascus, and reinforcements have been dispatched to strengthen the French there.

How France will emerge from the difficulty it is hard to tell. There is no doubt that it has the military strength and capacity to suppress the revolt of the Druses, if it can find the money to pay the bills; and if the rebellion is once squarely put down, the French have enough tact and generosity to establish good relations with the Arab peoples, as they have shown in Algiers and in their own position at Morocco. But the expense of the affair is a serious drain on the already depleted French treasury.

to pick a husband who will be a good provider and will not expect to raise a family without bills. And you, Peter, when you look for a wife, choose one who doesn't think that apple blossoms in the front yard make up for drafty rooms. And don't be too particular about her having a singing voice."

Would that we might acquire the bluebirds' habit of revisiting the old home once a year and recalling the days that we spent there and what its associations have meant to us! The city takes us, and we forget; but

both we and the little home towns—and perhaps the city itself—would be better if we remembered.

THE CODE OF THE SPORTSMAN

HAVE I the real sporting spirit? Could I justly call myself a true sportsman? Probably few boys ever think of asking themselves those questions, yet every boy ought to ask them of himself, because, whether he does or not, his associates will sooner or later form their own answers and on the strength of them will classify him either as a good sport or a poor one.

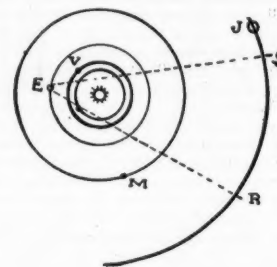
The term sportsman no longer applies only to those who hunt or fish, though of course it includes them. It has so greatly broadened its meaning that it now embraces all who practice any form of sport—baseball, football, rowing, hockey, tennis, swimming, as well as the pursuit of fish and game. That is why there is going to be a widespread interest in the new Code of the Sportsman recently adopted by the Sportsmanship Brotherhood, an organization national in scope and devoted to the purpose of raising the standard of sportsmanship throughout the country. Here it is:

THE SPORTSMAN KEEPS THE RULES, KEEPS FAITH WITH HIS COMRADES AND PLAYS THE GAME FOR HIS SIDE; KEEPS HIMSELF FIT, KEEPS HIS TEMPER, KEEPS FROM HITTING A MAN WHEN HE IS DOWN; KEEPS HIS PRIDE UNDER IN VICTORY, KEEPS A STOUT HEART IN DEFEAT, ACCOMPANIED BY GOOD GRACE; AND KEEPS A SOUND SOUL AND A CLEAN MIND IN A HEALTHY BODY.

Here is something to paste in your hat and hang on the inside of the door to your locker and engrave on your heart; for to measure up to that standard is, to use Stevenson's words, "a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

THE STARS THIS WEEK

A MONTH ago Venus (V) and Jupiter (J) were in line as seen from the earth (E). Now all three have moved in the same direction, Jupiter more slowly than the earth, and Venus more rapidly, until now Jupiter seems half way down in the evening sky from Venus toward the sun. The dotted line marked ES shows where the glow of the sunset comes, and the one marked ER is the glow of the sunrise. The latter just grazes the innermost planet, Mercury, always so difficult to see. Mars (M) and Saturn can be seen in the early



morning above the glow of the coming sunrise. Mars is shown in the illustration, but Saturn is too far away: it is nearly twice as far away as Jupiter.

The earth's orbit looks so much like a circle that it is hard to realize, especially in this wintry month, that the earth is over a million miles nearer to the sun than in the summer. The 22nd is the day the northern end of the earth is tipped farthest from the sun, and on January 2 the earth will be nearest the sun.

Make the most of seeing the brilliant Venus these evenings. It is moving downward in the orbit shown more rapidly than the earth, and, while just now it seems to be the same distance from the sun night after night, it will soon begin to plunge past Jupiter and disappear in the glow.

Clock time has been ahead of the sun all the fall, but this week the sun catches up, chiefly because when the earth is coming nearer to the sun it makes the sun seem to move faster through the sky.

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Things We Talk About

ALL KINDS OF PLEAS-

ANT THINGS have been happening, apparently, in the G. H. Gillham family since The Youth's Companion bought The Adventures of William Tucker, which started last week and is in for a long and exciting run in these pages. "I inclose," writes the genial author, "an amateur photograph of Mrs. Gillham and me and the car we bought with the check from the Y. C. This was taken in the back yard of some of our kin in Las Cruces, New Mexico." In the same picture there is a strong, upstanding boy of sixteen or so—and we have a lively suspicion, amounting to a certainty, that he is the William Tucker of the story.

The very best stories are never entirely made up. They really do happen, and authors are never so much inventors as chroniclers. Keep this in mind when you start to write your story.

E. V. LUCAS—Conspicuous among the English writers of today, Mr. E. V. Lucas has attained a great popularity in America also. Following that delightful novel *Over Bemerton's*, a long succession of volumes has strengthened his hold on the interest of American readers. His English view of Christmas, on page 924 of this week's Companion, is a somewhat different view from our own, but the more interesting on that account.

WRITES MRS. SETH MENDELL, whose husband was for many years Chairman of the Board of Directors of The Youth's Companion: "I venture to express my appreciation of what has been done toward a very helpful renewing of the life and strength of the Y. C., which stands on the eve of its one hundredth year with a gloriously untarnished name almost the world over. Already you have given a transfusion of good red blood into the pages; I am interested and delighted with the possibilities this occasion affords."

And from North Bangor, N. Y., comes this letter: "Please accept my congratulations on the one hundredth anniversary. As a family, we have been greatly benefited and entertained by its pages. Not long ago one of my brothers walked over from his farm to borrow our copy, because his had failed to come on time. In my opinion the value of The Youth's Companion is beyond estimation, and I am sorry for children who grow up without it."

BYE-BYE, BETTY—In the editorial, *Saying Good-By to "Albert,"* in which we commented upon the medley of feelings that bother you when you turn in your faithful old automobile for a new one, we assumed that you had named the car Albert. So far so good. We have not yet heard from anyone with a car of that name, but we have heard from the owner of an

"Elizabeth." Mr. Earl L. Osterhout of Kalamazoo, Mich., says that Elizabeth had been in the family for nine years before the day of separation finally came. He asks us to pardon him "for sending the piece of foolishness" which was inspired by our article. Pardon him! Foolishness! We know you will enjoy the verse as we have:

Elizabeth, my friend, good-by!
Tonight my eyes are dim with tears,
For you have been to me a pal,
A loyal pal for many years.

Oft we have braved the summer storm
Or roads piled high with drifted snow
And joyous gone up hill or down
To any place we cared to go.

A faithful car you've been to me;
You hold a high place in my heart;
And so I'm sorrowful and blue
To think that we so soon must part.

In shame I hide my face from thee,
A deed so base I plan to do;
Tomorrow I will trade you toward
A car that's quiet, shiny, new.

O loyal friend, I dare not ask
That you forgive this heartless act.
I only let you go because
Your vital works are old and cracked.

LEVITATION, AN INTERESTING OLD TRICK—J. W. Reynolds of Mentor, Ohio, says in a recent letter: "Now here is something I would like a scientist or some one to explain: One person lies flat on his back; four other persons, two on each side, put their hands under him at the shoulder and hips, using but two fingers of each hand. All five draw in their breath at the same time, and the four can lift the fifth easily. Try it and then try it without holding your breath."

Who knows the answer? We do not, we must admit, even though we have in the course of preparation an illustrated article called *Four Strength Builders* in which a noted physical educator describes that feat along with several others. We shall be glad to print the real explanation.

HAZEL'S HUMOR HIT HOME—"Hazel Grey's words of counsel about giving (and not giving) neckties to men are amusing and very much to the point," remarks a reader in Newburyport, Mass. "Miss Grey shows great insight. She must have a wide masculine acquaintance. She is doing the men of the country a service and is averting many tragedies."

Hazel Grey has received hundreds of letters about her Christmas money-making contest. January 5 is the last day. If you made any Christmas money, write her about it quickly.

You may be one of the lucky ones who get a prize. Remember not to write more than five hundred words. If you have a photograph of yourself, send that too. She wants to know what her correspondents look like. Besides, she is preparing to publish the picture of the winner of the contest.

Have you sent in your handwriting for the gypsy queen to read?

"I FEEL INTERESTED in doing work for The Youth's Companion," writes Roy Baldrige, "because I have not forgotten how much stories and pictures meant to me when I was at The Companion age. The opinion of grown-ups does not interest me so much."

Mr. Baldrige was cartoonist for the Stars and Stripes, the A. E. F. newspaper published overseas during the war. Since then he has made an enviable reputation as illustrator of books and magazines. His first work for the Y. C. is on pages 926 and 927; and he is also illustrating James B. Connolly's splendid story, *A Sea-Island Boy's Conscience*, which will appear in the January 7, 1926, issue—the first issue of the Hundredth Year.

Speaking of the great preparations being made for next year, our friend Paul Hollister says that we ought to call ourselves One Hundred Years Young. And that reminds us of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's lines:

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its Hundredth Year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree—and Truth!

But the doctor was wrong. There is one other thing that can do it, and that is The Youth's Companion, one hundred years young next year!

The Enemy in Your Mouth and how to fight it

Stop the film on teeth and
you'll avoid tooth trouble.
Mail the coupon, learn how

WE offer every boy and girl who reads this magazine a free 10-day tube of Pepsodent. It's the new scientific toothpaste which removes the film from teeth. This film is the enemy in your mouth.

It's the film on teeth which makes them look cloudy and dingy when they ought to be glistening and white.

It's the film on teeth which starts decay. It's the film on teeth which collects and holds germs which may make you really ill.

Ordinary brushing doesn't adequately combat it. It clings too closely. It must be removed in a gentle yet thorough way. This is what Pepsodent does.

Try Pepsodent this way

Before you use Pepsodent the first time, run your tongue over your teeth. You'll feel the film plainly, just as you feel it now.

Then clean your teeth thoroughly



with Pepsodent, and when you're through make the tongue test again. You'll find that your teeth feel lovely, and smooth, like polished ivory.

Clean your teeth with Pepsodent every night and every morning for ten days. Each day they'll feel better and look nicer.

When the ten days are up and your trial tube is gone, you won't want to go back to your old teeth cleaning method. Then tell your mother that you want a big, full-size tube of Pepsodent for yourself. She'll gladly get it for you, as she wants you to use it. She knows that pretty teeth and healthy teeth depend on proper care, and that proper care means Pepsodent.

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Endorsed by
World's Dental Authorities



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How would you like to sail to the South Seas?



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CHARLES NORDHOFF in his new book

The Pearl Lagoon

takes you on a thrilling trip with young Charlie Selden, in search of the famous gold-lipped oyster, most valuable of mother-of-pearl sources. There are adventures galore, including a shipwreck, a night battle with pirates and the ferocious *tonu*, which kills one of the native boys on the day that Charlie and Mirama, his chum, find their priceless pair of matched pearls. And besides all the exciting times, you will learn how the queer fish of the southern seas are caught, how the boats and houses are made, how a diver goes about his work, and how the oysters are searched for pearls.

Illustrated. \$2.00



A BEAUTIFUL CALENDAR—BUT NOT FOR DESK USE

How should you like to hang a calendar like this on your wall? It is of solid stone, carefully sculptured seven or eight feet across, and it probably weighs a ton or more. But after you once got it in place you wouldn't have to take it down again, and you wouldn't have to remember to tear off a leaf every day or every month, for it is a perpetual calendar, calculated by the ancient Aztec priests and put into permanent material for use in the temple of the gods. The Aztecs had an extremely accurate system of reckoning time, which they measured in a series of cycles; the system over a period of fifty-two years automatically corrected the divergence of the man-made calendar from the astronomical year. This calendar stone, which is sculptured with a great deal of art, is now exhibited in the National Museum in the City of Mexico.

THE MUSIC ON THE ROOF

HAIDAR PASHA is a suburb of Constantinople where wealthy business men and merchants live. The buildings that surround its mission school, which was formerly a German educational centre, are massive structures several stories high with large balconies. Some of them were so near the school that an athlete could almost spring from roof to roof. In the cool of the summer evenings Turkish ladies love to emerge from the seclusion of the haremlik and congregate on roof or balcony to while away the time by playing on stringed instruments, singing and chatting together.

One night, writes a correspondent of the London Christian Herald, I had gone to bed, tired and a little homesick. Suddenly I heard some Turkish ladies come out on a neighboring roof, and one of them began to play a guitar. I had often heard them do that, but this time the tune arrested my attention. She was playing the well-known hymn, Tell Me the Old, Old Story. Then one of the women began to sing. She had a sweet contralto voice, and her English was perfect. I was charmed, thrilled—and astonished. How was it that this Moslem woman was singing a Christian song? I slipped on my dressing gown and walked out on our roof. The Turkish ladies were just discernible in the darkness.

"That is a Christian hymn which you have been singing, madam," I ventured, scarcely knowing whether to expect a response or not, for it is against the Turkish custom for a woman to uncover her face or even to speak to one of another faith.

"Yes," she replied in soft tones.

"Are you then of the Christian faith?" I queried.

"No," she said. "I am a Mohammedan; but I love some of your hymns."

I bade her good night and retired again. The next day I wrapped up a small New Testament and tossed it on to the roof of the woman's residence.

Some months afterward I received instructions from headquarters to return home. The following morning, while at breakfast, the orderly handed me a letter

that he had found on the roof. It ran as follows:

"I found the Bible which you threw on my roof for me, and offer you my thanks. I have read it many times and love it. The reading about Jesus Christ has melted my heart. I have prayed to Him to make me like Him, and He has filled my heart with joy. I know He is the Savior of the world. I am compelled to be a secret Christian, as we cannot do what we would here; but I am sure Jesus understands and knows that I intend to worship Him. Adieu. Aziade."

ANOTHER UNSELFISH ANIMAL MOTHER

THE story recently published in The Companion about the kangaroo mother that brought her baby to the settler's well for water but did not drink herself reminds a contributor of another similar case of maternal unselfishness.

It was during a severe forest fire in Michigan that a mother bear, half crazed by the heat and smoke, led her cub to a small wood-lot on a partly cleared farm. There was no water in the woods, and the nearest stream was in the heart of the burning timber beyond.

One night the farmer heard a noise in the back yard where the well stood. He got up out of bed and went to the window to see what it was. He saw the mother bear standing up on her hind legs in a threatening attitude halfway between the house and the pump; the cub was drinking his fill from the tub of water used by the domestic animals. The mother bear was not seen to drink a drop of the water. When the cub had finished they made their way back to the woods. The farmer did not disturb them. In a few days a heavy rain put the fires out, and the farmer went to his green woods, which had escaped the blaze, and, although he found signs of the bear, she was gone.

THIS IS THE BIGGEST WHOPPER THIS WEEK

APROPOS of the numerous tall stories that The Companion has printed, a reader from Auburn, Iowa, sends us these Middle-Western incredibilities.

The original teller of this story was an early settler in Iowa. Back in the fifties wild game of all kinds was very plentiful, and a large number of wild ducks were accustomed to frequent a pond a short distance from his cabin. So one morning in early fall, having an appetite for fresh meat, he took his shotgun and went to the pond. He was astonished at the number of birds he saw. The water was completely hidden by them. He raised his gun and fired into the midst of the flock. Instantly the ducks rose into the air,

but to his amazement not a single bird remained behind. However, when the flock began to spread, twenty-five dead birds fell back into the water. The flock had been too thick to allow them to fall before!

My father tells a story that he heard at a debate in southern Illinois when he was a boy. An old man and his wife lived beside a pond that was much used by wild geese. One morning in the late fall or early winter a large flock of the great birds rested on the pond, and in the night it froze over, imprisoning the feet of the geese in the ice. In the morning the old couple went down to the pond to replenish their larder. But they had not taken into account the great strength of a wild goose's wings. No sooner had they stepped out on the ice than the flock took alarm and flew away—carrying frozen pond, old man, old woman and all!

UNLUCKY BUNNY

I LAUGHED when I read in The Companion about the little dog Ajax, who got his tail caught on a sapling, writes a friend. The story brought to my mind a curious accident that befell a jack rabbit when he was chased by a half-grown dog.

It occurred in harvest time while some men were at work gathering corn in a field. The young dog discovered the rabbit among the corn and chased it noisily across the field; but there was small chance of his ever getting the rabbit, which was altogether too fleet for the half-grown puppy.

However, just as the rabbit came by the wagon where the men were, with the little dog close on its heels, there happened one of the curious little accidents that would help to fill a great volume if all the tragedies and comedies of the animal world could be recorded.

It was late in the year, and the cornstalks were bare of leaves. As the rabbit came by the men one of them jumped toward it, and in sudden confusion the creature changed its course. In doing so it ran into a cornstalk that was leaning at an angle, and, as it was running so fast that it could not check itself in time, the rabbit shot up to the top of the cornstalk it had so unexpectedly straddled, and when it slid back down to the ground the little dog was there to catch it, which he did without any trouble.

WHAT ARE FLOODGTEETS?

DR. ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, the geographer, has been visiting China, and he writes entertainingly about it in Scribner's Magazine. Among the discoveries he made was this extraordinary sign, which a Shanghai Chinaman composed in what he fondly believed to be English. Dr. Huntington "defines" anyone to interpret the whole of

the sign. We have done our best and have made a guess at everything; but we may be wrong about some of it. Perhaps our readers would like to exercise their ingenuity on the puzzle:

MO YOUN ZUNG
SHIP PLUMBER BLACKAITH COPPER
MIRK ENGINEER SCELE
AND STOVE REPAIRS ELECTRIC
WEIR BELLS ALWAYS ON HAND
ELECTRIC THEETRE A SRECIALLY
FLOODGTEETS



A BATTLESHIP OF THE PAST

THIS is the picture of a very interesting old naval relic which the British nation is being asked to repair and preserve as a companion to Nelson's old flagship, the Victory, which still floats in Portsmouth Harbor. The Implacable, for that is the fine old name of the ship, with its high, glass-windowed stern, and its full, wide beam, is perhaps the only remaining vessel of its particular type. It is—or was—a seventy-four gun line-of-battle ship, with two gun decks, and it was built no less than one hundred and thirty-six years ago for the French navy. It remained in the French service for some twenty years, and engaged the Victory at Trafalgar. At length it was captured by the British, and for a number of years it was a formidable unit of the British navy. It is no longer seaworthy, and rests in the dry dock at Devonport, where this picture was taken.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF A LONG NECK

NOT many animals are lofty enough to bother telegraph wires or to be bothered by them. The giraffe is the exception; and Mr. Blayne Percival in his Game Ranger's Notebook observes that the mutual annoyances caused by collisions between giraffes and wires are by no means infrequent in Equatorial Africa.

While on the topic of giraffes, I may as well notice the mutual annoyances that are occasioned by collisions between giraffes and the telegraph wires. Twenty years ago, or thereabout, there were many complaints of damaged lines. I used to receive plaintive messages from the gentleman responsible for the telegraphs, saying he should like to know what I was going to do. "Either you must keep your giraffe off the lines or we shall have to raise them," was the way he put it.

I was sorry for the man, but we were in the same boat; officially speaking, the giraffe was mine, as he said, and the telegraph lines were his. The government wants both giraffe and telegraph lines, and I am afraid it lies with the telegraph man to solve the difficulty; he can raise his lines, whereas the Game Department can't shorten its giraffe.

These troubles occur, as a rule, in the bush country, and when the giraffes are traveling at a leisurely pace; for when going at speed through the bush the animal carries its head low to avoid trees and branches, with wonderful skill and adroitness. The telegraph wires generally come off second best, but exceptions occur. Some years ago a big bull got so entangled with them that he could not break away, and when the repairing gang came out to investigate he was still there; the lines were cut and he was set at liberty, but he had sustained such injuries that he died within a short time. This accident happened in the open.



THE GIFTS

By Jeannie Pendleton Hall

The little Jesus dropped the glistening things
(The place smelled sweet of frankincense
and myrrh),

And Mary pressed her darling close to her.
It seemed so very strange!
Like any other baby's were the rings
Of soft damp hair upon his tiny head,
And yet—those Three, the stately camel-tread,
The Star that did not change!

She hid the Magi-gifts half tenderly,
Half jealously, for Joseph in distress
Groaned of their splendor and their uselessness

And would have proffered them
Back to their givers, could such rudeness be.
But they were gone; the rested camels sped
Busily eastward now, and rumor said
Not by Jerusalem.

The warning came, "To Egypt!" and within
Her simple bundle Mary stored the gifts
(They scented it like apple-blossom drifts
In May), but Joseph frowned.

"I fear it is a menace, half a sin,

To laze the beast," saith he, "with things so rare.
When shall our Sonling need that incense
there?"

Saith she, "When He is crowned."

Where were the gifts those three sharp, crowded
years

'Twixt wilderness and Calvary? Mayhap
His mother kept them; sometimes would
unwrap

The covering and behold
The well-saved treasures through her lonesome
tears:

The little censer, deftly wrought and filled,
Worthy a prince, delightful to a child,
The myrrh, the yellow gold.

Where now? Were they caught heavenward,
glowing, hung

As was the Holy Grail that none might see
Except the knight of stainless purity?

No matter! Far away

The winds of centuries the shards have flung
Of larger trophies, but these centuries keep
The Magi-thought, and while the Casars sleep
Our hearts give gifts today.

A STRENUOUS BABY

BABY elephants, as circus-goers know them, are such amiable and engaging infants that it is interesting and surprising to view one in a quite different aspect. Mr. Wynant Hubbard, while securing wild animals in Africa for zoos and menageries, had a nearly fatal encounter with a lively six-year-old.

"We had killed one elephant," he records, "and his dying calls had summoned another, a beautiful specimen, six or seven years old, in perfect health. The only way you can catch one of these beasts alive is for some one to grab him by his tiny tail and twist it while the natives jump on him, looping big ropes around all four of his legs."

"I was the one who jumped and grabbed this elephant by the tail. He started jumping, twisting, shaking and kicking, trying to get me. I was like the man who grabbed the bear by the tail. I had to hold on. I went spinning about in the air, bumping against his hide, bounced up in the air like a rubber ball every time he kicked at me, and tossing around generally like a toy balloon in a gale. I owed my life to having a strong grip."

"Finally, the natives got him tied down. I was all in when I let go. They tied him just in time."

HOW FAST DO BIRDS FLY?

To ask such a question is a good deal like asking, "How fast do automobiles go?" Different birds fly at different speeds, and the same bird will fly much faster when it is in a hurry to get somewhere or to escape from some enemy than when it is sailing about attending to the ordinary business of life.

Lecturing before the Lowell Institute at Boston recently, Dr. Alexander Wetmore of the Smithsonian Institution said that more exact records of bird flight had become possible since the birds could be followed by automobile or airplane and their speed reckoned by means of the speedometer. In this way an investigator found that the ordinary pace in the air of such unlike birds as herons, hawks, horned larks, ravens and shrikes was from twenty-two to twenty-eight miles an hour.

Records of another observer, H. B. Wood, show speeds of only ten to seventeen miles an hour for Arkansas kingbirds and scissor-tailed flycatchers. Hugh Gladstone cites other records in which the willow warbler traveled at twenty-three and a half miles an hour, the pied wagtail at twenty-five, the European blackbird over twenty-two, the missel thrush at twenty-three and the cuckoo at twenty-five. A more comprehensive study reported by Colonel Meinerzhagen, based

on observation by means of theodolites designed to estimate the speed of airplanes at anti-aircraft stations, by stop watches along measured courses and by readings from traveling airplanes, shows members of the crow family traveling from thirty-one to forty-five miles an hour, smaller perching birds from twenty to twenty-seven, starlings from thirty-eight to forty-nine, geese from forty-two to fifty-five, ducks from forty-four to fifty-nine, falcons from forty to forty-eight, and grouse from forty-three to forty-seven.

The greatest speed recorded definitely was that of swifts observed from an airplane in Mesopotamia. These passed the observing plane and circled about it easily when it was flying at sixty-eight miles an hour. This and other observations seem to give approximately seventy miles an hour as the normal rate at which some swifts feed and travel, a speed that can be accelerated to fully one hundred miles an hour for pleasure or to escape from danger. E. C. Stuart-Baker in India timed two species of swifts over a two-mile course at the rate of one hundred and seventy-one to two hundred miles an hour.

PRAYING FOR RAIN

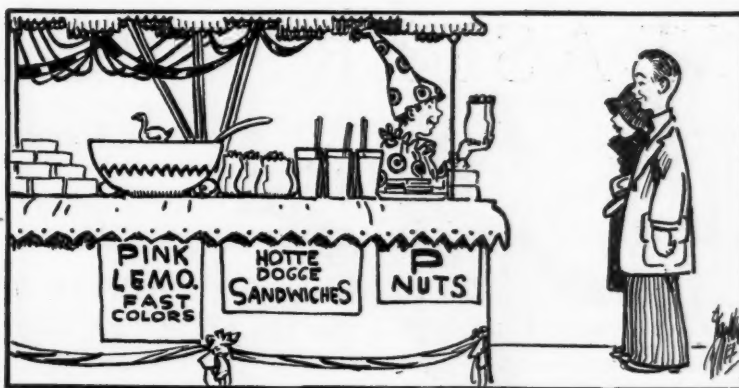
A MINISTER in a large Scottish town was appointed to preach in a country parish in a season of great drought. He was asked to be sure to pray for rain. But when his prayer was followed by such a deluge that some of the crops were destroyed one of the elders said to another: "This comes o' intrusting sic a request to a meenister wha' is na acquaitit wi' agriculture."

Precision, however, has its perils, thinks a contributor to a British paper, as in the petition of a Primitive Methodist laymen, also in time of drought. For, though he reverently confessed that to the Deity the needs of the land were exactly known, he none the less decided to take no risks and proceeded to make them known. "We do not want just a sprinkling and a spraying that will scarce moisten the parched lips of the ground. Nor do we want a deluge that will ruin the crops. What we want is just a gentle drizzle-drozzle, drizzle-drozzle, for about a week."

AND AN EXPLORER? YOUR HARDSHIP

MISTRESS (instructing new butler): "Now how do you address a baronet?" Butler: "Your lordship." "And his lady?" "Your ladyship." "And an admiral?" "Er—your flagship."

—Cornell Widow



DRAWN BY FRANKLIN P. COLLIER

A NEW YEAR CARNIVAL

CELEBRATE New Year's Eve with a carnival this year.

Decorate a booth with carnival colors, red and white, and serve from it the usual outdoor refreshments: small bags of popcorn, peanuts, pink lemonade, taffy candy wrapped in pieces of oiled paper with twisted ends, and "hot dog" sandwiches.

Of course you will have circus acts and games with a gallant young manager in a red-and-white clown suit or the top hat and frock coat of a circus dignitary. When the guests are assembling let him lead them one at a time into the various side shows separated by a curtained doorway:

A Dancing Midget. A girl with shoes and stockings on her hands stands behind a table. Another girl sits on a high stool just behind her with a robe across her shoulders that hides everything except her head and hands and the other girl's hands, doing duty as dancing feet. If you can get it right, it is very effective.

The Smallest Dog in Captivity. Put a sign outside to this effect, and inside place on the table a platter containing the smallest sausage you can find.

The Fat Lady. Find the thinnest girl you can, and if she is not sensitive about it persuade her to pose. After everyone has come, let the clown divide the company into two equal sides for games. To one side let him distribute badges made of red crepe paper, and to the other, white badges.

Pop-Corn Venders. Mark parallel lines on the floor with chalk or with tape, as far apart as possible, and halfway between them lay a row of sacks filled with pop corn, half as many as there are players. The players must stand on their own goal lines facing each other. At a given signal the first player in each line runs toward the first sack of corn, trying to secure it and return to his goal line without being tagged by the other player. If successful, his side keeps the pop corn; if he is tagged, the other side gets it. He has two chances to secure the prize: he may get the sack and return untagged to his goal line or he may tag his opponent when he is carrying off the sack. Both players are trying to do the same thing—get the pop corn and return untouched. When the first two players have contested for the first sack of pop corn the whistle blows again and the two players next in line try for the second sack, and so on until all have been out. Then the successful ones on each side divide with their unfortunate team mates.

The Trained Seals' Balancing Act. Ask a boy from each side to volunteer for this act or number the players on each side and draft two. Give an empty vinegar jug to each boy. The clown then announces that his famous trained seals will tilt their jugs upon the rims, sit upon the jugs held so, cross one knee over the other and in this position keep their balance while they turn themselves completely round. They must keep their arms folded. Give the one who accomplishes this feat first an order upon the refreshment booth that entitles him to a "hot dog" sandwich. He will deserve it. If anyone feels envious, he may challenge some one on the opposing side to a similar contest. Try to find some boy who can balance a book on his head while he is turning round.

Merry-Go-Round. Pair the girls against each other in the "merry-go-round." Two girls can play at one time. Blindfold them and station them at opposite ends of the room. Turn them round rapidly three times, and tell them to walk forward and shake hands with each other. When they have succeeded in this they are told to part company and touch the piano, or some other object that they have previously located. The one who has not lost her sense of direction will reach it first and win her sandwich.

Balloon Give-Away. Choose three guests from each side and give each of them a balloon on a long string. They must each try to give it to some one who wears the opposing color. This is done by trying to hit the other person's balloon with hers. When a player has done so, the opponent must take both balloons and try to protect them both while the girl who has succeeded in getting rid of her balloon retires from the game. Obviously it is harder to protect two balloons than one, and the unfortunate one will find most of the opposing players upon her heels. Her team mates must come to the rescue and try to get rid of their balloons. If she makes a hit, she rides herself of both her balloons at once. A hit does not count if the person hit is attacking you at the same time. When only two are left on the floor, one must dodge and then take up the offensive. The side that disposes of all its balloons may be treated to pink lemonade.

Chariot Race. Bring out two wooden horses such as those used by carpenters, one wearing a large bow of red crepe and the other a large bow of white. Call for volunteers to ride these horses to victory. The rest of the company form a line and root for their colors. The riders do not get astride their horses and canter to victory. They must get under the wooden frame and, keeping their heads against the front cross-pieces, work their horses sidewise toward the goal. They may lift the front part and then the back part, but must not have the entire frame off the floor at one time.

The Clown Bands. Allow each side to enter its best musicians in the clown-band contest. Give them combs and paper upon which to play, the small horns you sing through, blocks of wood to be used as a drum, and perhaps tiny bells. Allow the bands to adjourn for practice and then to play in turn.

Rain Checks. Sometime before the dawning of the new year have the clown announce that he stands ready to give rain checks to all who deserve them. If any person can show just cause why he was unable to win the prize he covets, the clown will give him a rain check calling for it.

The Tight-Rope Walker. If you can persuade one of the boys to put on a frilly skirt over his clothes and wear a fluffy hat with ribbons tied under his chin, he may make a sensation as a tight-rope walker. Lay a large rope on the floor after you have announced the renowned "Lady Mary Straighttoes" and told of her exploits with gusto. In spite of the jeers of the audience when the rope is laid upon the floor, the tight-rope walker parades back and forth on it, using a child's umbrella to balance with and doing all the tricks performed by professionals. You can have a lot of fun if the boy is a good actor.

THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM TUCKER

(Continued from page 925)

an awfully tall man, and about every third word he says to you he snaps his jaws and rolls his eyes. He just keeps on snapping his jaws. Say, he must be crazy. Do you suppose it's that train robber?"

Hicks, listening to this account of John's adventure, grew suddenly pale. He knew Hamon was close at hand, and he lost no time in scrambling into his skiff and pulling out for Hen and Chickens. John went inside a shanty boat near by and loaded a shotgun and hid while Charley and I watched outside our boat.

Of course Hamon had mistaken John for me. We were of the same age and size, and Hamon did not get a very good look at me, as I had run away from his boat at my very best speed.

In a moment I saw Hamon coming boldly down the bank. He had evidently been watching us from behind a big pile of lumber ever since John's arrival.

Hamon took a good, long steady look at Hicks, who was pulling the skiff out in the stream. He raised his arm slowly and, pointing at Hicks, called out:

"You did me dirt once, and I let you get by 'cause you're a cripple; but this time I'm a-goin' to get you, and don't you forget it—sendin' these kids round my boat to spy on me, when I ain't done a thing to you. I'm a-goin' to get you, Hicks! And now I'm a-goin' over thar and get that little rat out o' that other boat and cut his years off."

Hamon started straight for where John was hiding, but I dashed ahead of him and

into the boat. John was not in hiding, as I thought, but was in the middle of the cabin with the loaded shotgun in his hands.

"John," I yelled, "drop that gun and jump in the river. It's your only chance."

John handed me the gun and dived off the stern, without even removing his new straw hat.

Hamon came in the front cabin door, walked past me and out on the stern and stood there and watched John swim a hundred yards to the island across the stream. While this was going on I got out on the bank and was joined by Charley.

Hamon came out on the bow of the boat and surveyed us with disdain. "You're a bunch of meddlers, that's what you are," he said. "You're a-goin' to find out that stickin' your noses in other people's business is a-goin' to get you in trouble. You mark my word, I'm a-goin' to get the whole mess of ye."

Hamon walked down the plank and up into the thick willows and disappeared.

After a considerable time we got Hicks to come back with the skiff and ferry John across. Hicks was very much frightened.

As I was really afraid Hamon might do John some harm if he met him again, I told him it would be best for him to remain at home until we sailed, and that he could meet us below the big bridge on the Tennessee side and come aboard. After he had gone we sent a lot of notes to him in our secret code, which we had made up several years before.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Hazel Gray

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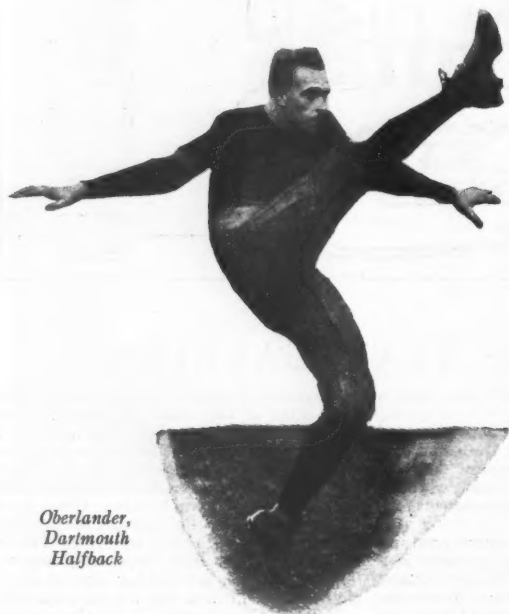
EASTERN FOOTBALL

A Review of the 1925 Season

By

Jackson L. Cannell

Assistant Coach, Dartmouth Football Team



Oberlander,
Dartmouth
Halfback



McMillan,
Princeton
Center

THE outstanding feature of the Eastern football season of 1925 was the development of the forward pass. Dartmouth, the best team in the East, proved that the pass can be used successfully as a vital part of the attack. McPhail, the Green quarterback, often called for a pass on first down deep in his own territory, not in desperation, but in full confidence that the throw would be completed for a substantial game. McPhail won praise for his generalship, although half the time he chose plays in direct violation of orthodox selection.

A play is a good play if it works. A quarterback is a good general if he calls for plays that go. But for plays to work as consistently as did Dartmouth's forward passes there must be something in them besides the ball and eleven men. For radical play selection such as McPhail employed to prove so thoroughly sound there must be a good reason.

Probably very few believe that Dartmouth's success with the forward pass did not depend on an expert passer and marvelous receivers. Most football followers will say that, without Oberlander to throw the ball and Tully, Lane or Sage to catch it, the Dartmouth passing attack would fail. Without question good passers and receivers are important factors in a successful overhead game. However, there are many undeveloped passers, many potentially great receivers, on squads throughout the country. Much credit must be given to the keen football mind that saw the possibilities of the passing game and then by drill developed the material at hand into a wonderful passing team.

Coach Hawley's passing game did not assume the nature of a surprise attack. Gil Dobie, one of the smartest football men in the game, had ample time to plan a defense for Dartmouth's air attack. No doubt he spent much time on pass defense, but there is little doubt too that he devoted most of his hours in preparation for the Dartmouth game to the development of that powerful rushing attack for which his teams are famous.

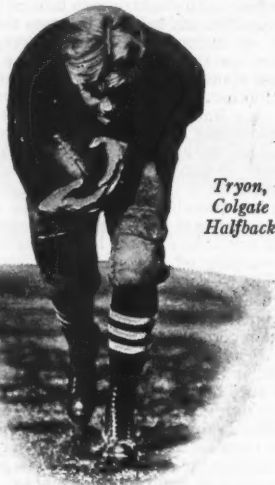
Then came November 7, the day the Big Red Terror from Ithaca faced the Indian on the field at Hanover. Dartmouth received and scored in less than three minutes. Dartmouth scored again in about as short a time. It looked like a rout. But then Cornell took the ball and, before that first quarter was over, had rushed it twice across the Green goal. Fifteen thousand spectators in Dartmouth's Memorial Stadium were watching at that hour a most colorful game between two great rivals, but they were witnessing, too, the struggle of two great schools of football, two totally different types of offense. The one offered and believed in all that had proved best in the old rushing game; the other placed its faith in a most modern passing attack.

As that first quarter ended, all was even

or three team mates who are bearing the brunt of the attack. It is the most powerful play in football. It is the acme of the rushing game. It seldom fails to score. Dartmouth's passes run away from the whole defensive team. They score two, three, four times as fast as the greatest rushing play ever devised. The *aéro* era arrives.

Cornell, although not so strong as in the days of Pfann, Kaw, Cassidy and Ramsey, showed great offensive power all fall. Dobie is a master builder of rushing attack. Even the Pennsylvania eleven, probably the strongest defensive aggregation in the East, failed to stop the terrific onslaught of the Ithacans.

To the 1925 Brown team we must give the prize for consistent gameness. Tackling a most difficult schedule, Brown failed to win a major game, but throughout the season



Tryon,
Colgate
Halfback

fought as courageously as ever did any team. Pennsylvania, Yale, Dartmouth and Harvard all outscored the Bears, but only after terrific struggles. And then, on Thanksgiving, Brown proved her real strength by playing to a tie the powerful and undefeated Colgate eleven.

Jackson Keefer personified the fighting spirit of the Brown team. One of the finest backs football has ever claimed, he gave his all to every play of every game. Without once tasting the sweet fruit of victory over a major opponent, he played always with the dash of a champion. When, in the Colgate game, he unfortunately suffered severe injuries, his first thought as he lay on the ground, writhing in pain, was to carry on. Surely the name of Jackson Keefer and all he stood for will dwell long in the memories of Brown men.

At the start of the season, Harvard appeared to have offensive strength. Offering formations and plays radically different from the past, the Crimson struck hope into the hearts of its supporters that at last they were to see a scoring Harvard team. But to the football critic the Harvard scheme of attack looked not thoroughly sound. Only through arduous application can a team master the plays of even one or two adequately checked formations. Whether or not

Tech, Syracuse, West Virginia and Pittsburgh, but in spite of all tied a strong Notre Dame team and lost no game except the Pitt by more than a small score.

Syracuse, defeated only by the strong Colgate eleven, showed its greatest strength against Penn State and Columbia. Columbia developed a really powerful team, which stands as a credit to Coach Crowley and his capable assistants. The time is not far distant when Columbia will again make a bid for the enviable position it held in days gone by.

Little Amherst enjoyed a most successful season. Its one loss to Princeton can well be forgotten in view of the splendid triumphs over Bowdoin, Wesleyan, Massachusetts Aggies and Williams.

In the New England Conference, Maine and New Hampshire State wound up successful campaigns with a scoreless tie that shared for them the Conference championship.

Boston College, though not meeting Georgetown, can lay claim to as strong a team as any among the Catholic colleges. Georgetown trounced Fordham, 27 to 0, and Fordham in turn set back Holy Cross, 17 to 0. Considering B. C.'s 17-to-6 victory over Holy Cross, comparative scores would favor Georgetown over Boston College. However, there is little basis in scores for the comparison of team strength, and the attack that Coach Cavanaugh developed for his vital battle with Holy Cross would force any team in the East to yield ground.

One of the most interesting features of the past season centered in the surprising number of upsets. To a marked degree the cause for this may be found in the fact that more than ever before teams this fall gambled offensively. No eleven appeared so conservatively as not to take a chance with some new formation or plays designed to surprise opponents. And, although in many cases this offense could not be defended as sound football, it more than once accomplished its purpose through failure of the defense to diagnose properly the strange attack in the short period of one game. This lack of defensive adaptation is not surprising in view of the little time spent in even general defensive drill by most teams. Practically every eleven in the East devoted its attention to the development of a powerful and versatile attack.

Another fall may witness the swing back to defensive play. Certainly a better balance will be struck between offensive and defensive instruction. But, however inspiring may be exhibitions of defensive strength such as Harvard offered against Yale, Bucknell against Georgetown and Brown against all its opponents, surely the spectator does not find in them the thrill that he does in the marvelous rushes and passes that piled up points for the most successful teams this year.

When one attempts to select an All-Eastern team it is amusing to consider with what difficulty at times a coach considers his own team. After watching carefully the performance of his players all fall, it often seems impossible for him to choose fairly the players deserving to start the final game. How hopeless then for him to expect to arrange in order of their ability with any degree of accuracy players from all over the East many of whom he has never even seen in action. However, sectional all-team selections often prove interesting, and, as the writer, through coaching and scouting, has seen some of the best Eastern teams play this fall, he will make a choice of an All-Eastern eleven, basing his selections primarily on the performances of players he has actually seen and secondarily on other coaches' opinions and individual reputations.

MR. CANNELL'S ALL-EASTERN TEAM

Name	College	Position
Tully	Dartmouth	L.E.
Coady	Harvard	L.T.
Sturbahn	Yale	L.G.
McMillan	Princeton	C.
Mahan	West Virginia	R.G.
Sieracki	Pennsylvania	R.T.
Broda	Brown	R.E.
Pease	Columbia	Q.B.
Tryon	Colgate	L.H.B.
Oberlander	Dartmouth	R.H.B.
Plansky	Georgetown	F.B.

Harvard made the mistake of attempting too much, the team never developed offensive strength. However, there never was a finer defensive exhibition than Harvard offered in the Yale game. Yale off and on through the season flashed dangerously. Though not consistently strong, the Blue up to the Harvard game had shown a real punch often enough to make football followers believe that Yale would beat Harvard by a comfortable margin. Possibly Yale did not properly take advantage of its many opportunities to score. There are those who will say that the Blue did not show appreciation of the value of the drop-kick, but evidently the Elis believed even to the last whistle in their ability to carry over the Crimson goal. However, Harvard rose that day to the heights.

Perhaps credit for the greatest development during the short fall season must be given to Bill Roper and his Princeton team. At the outset few favored the Tiger's chances for a successful campaign, and a tie by the Navy and defeat at the hands of Colgate served only to strengthen the belief that Princeton would be on the short end of scores in Big Three contests. Most football followers failed to reckon with the indomitable spirit with which Bill Roper can inspire his team for struggles against the Crimson and the Blue. Slagle, wonderful Princeton back, gained glory through his remarkable achievements, but primarily Princeton won its two major contests through finely coordinated team work, and to the eleven as a whole goes the greatest praise.

Pittsburgh, Penn State, Lafayette, W. & J. and West Virginia all played rugged football. Pittsburgh, hailed in September as the coming champions, suffered a reverse in its second game at the hands of Lafayette. From then on, Pittsburgh went through undefeated, meeting the stiffest sort of opposition. Lafayette, although defeating Pitt, ran into a tie with Colgate and a 7-to-6 defeat by W. & J. After that, there was little opposition until the Lehigh game, which Lafayette won handily, 14 to 0. It seems a shame that two teams so consistently strong as Pittsburgh and Lafayette should meet so early in the season year after year, one or the other to drop out of the championship running before the season is three weeks old.

W. & J. lost only to Pittsburgh, as did West Virginia. Penn State, without the strength of recent years, fell before Georgia

IT'S ALL FUN

By Q. Howe

II. MY UNCLE'S WATCH

THE evening meal that followed my afternoon of misfortune on the football field was eventful. The entire college eats together in an enormous hall known as Commons. Why it is called Commons I do not pretend to know. In Boston we have a park which is known as the Common, but I do not understand why adding the letter s to a park should give you an eating-place.

Be that as it may, I had partaken of many meals at Commons without attracting the least attention, save as a means of passing food to those who hungered. I had exchanged some few remarks with a fellow by the name of Fletcher who sat at my right, but that was the full extent of my social activity.

Tonight all was changed. I had become a veritable cynosure. No sooner was I seated than that unattractive quarterback—his name is Curtis, though he is known to his familiars as "Red"—accosted me from across the table in a voice that must have carried to all parts of the hall.

"Say, Fig Newton, old cheese cracker, tell us the time?"

As my wrist watch was broken, I was carrying a fine old silver timepiece that my Uncle Bemis had bestowed on me for ballast, as he said. Uncle Bemis has spent many years of his life on the sea and is extremely partial to nautical humor—a weakness that I do not share.

"The time is twenty minutes before seven, precisely," I answered after consulting my bulky timepiece.

For some reason that I do not pretend to be able to fathom, my very polite reply was greeted with a shout of laughter from all my neighbors.

"Stand out from under," bawled the uncouth Curtis. "He nearly killed Ed Chauncey this afternoon with his sister's wrist watch. Look out that he don't take a notion to slug you over the head with that portable Big Ben of his. He could lay out the whole varsity with that."

I did not think it worth while informing Curtis that the wrist watch I had broken in such an unfortunate fashion was not the property of my sister. In fact, I haven't even got a sister.

"What is it, Newton, old man," asked Fletcher in a kindly tone, "a grandfather clock you have there?"

"No," I replied, "it never belonged to my grandfather. This watch—or clock, as you facetiously call it—was a gift from my uncle. He purchased it, I believe, in Liverpool. At least he told me he did, although he also said it was a Swiss watch and Liverpool is, as you know, in England, not Switzerland."

Again the table roared with laughter, in which, I am glad to say, my neighbor Fletcher had the good manners and good sense not to join. Fletcher is not, however, devoid of humor. He has a merry face and bright blue eyes and enjoys the reputation of being a great joker, though I have never known him to practice his skill on me in this respect. Perhaps he holds my astuteness in too great esteem to dare to try.

"So your uncle brought you the watch," continued Fletcher. "He is evidently a man of good taste. And is his name Bemis, too?"

"It is indeed," I replied. "Bemis was the surname of my maternal grandmother—Uncle Bemis's mother. Poor Uncle Bemis's father was a splendid old fellow, from all reports I hear of him, though he has been dead twenty-eight years. He was the first man in Boston to be run over and killed by an automobile."

This touching bit of reminiscence set my ribald table companions off into another gale of laughter. Fletcher



alone perceived the delicacy of the situation and quickly changed the subject.

We talked of one thing and another until we were half through dessert, when he began showing me some amusing sleight-of-hand tricks. He could, for instance, throw a box of safety matches into the air and strike a match against the side of the box as it fell. There was, however, one trick which he said he had never been able to master, though he seemed to feel quite sure that I could do it. The idea was for me to lay both my hands, palms down, upon the table and balance two tumblers of water, one on the back of each hand. Fletcher tried it himself several times, but without success. He seemed to be able to support one, but I invariably had to catch the other to prevent its spilling on the table.

"Here, you try it," he suggested at length. "I believe you can do it. Let me fill up two tumblers, though, first. That will make it easier."

I complied cheerfully and laid my hands flat upon the table while he filled the two glasses to the brim.

"Now then, steady."

The attention of the whole gathering was focused upon us, and I felt confident that if I could execute the trick I might make up in some measure for my delinquencies upon the football field. One glass was put in place, then the other. I held my hands rigid. The glasses stood erect, the water barely quivered.

"Just a second," whispered Fletcher. "A fellow down at the other end of the hall wants to speak to me. Hold it."

He pushed his chair back from the table and left hurriedly, but I was too absorbed to follow him with my eyes. I did, however, feel that many people in the room were looking at me and soon became aware of the fact that I was a centre of attention. For a moment I imagined that I had really impressed the fellows with my prowess, but as the cheers that went up grew louder in volume I detected a derisive note and realized for the first time that I was helpless and could not move without upsetting the water. My discomfort was changed to rage by the disagreeable Red Curtis, who was sitting directly across the table.

"Hey, Fig, come along over to my room and tell us some more about Uncle Bemis and how he got run over by the horse car in Boston."

"If you will be so kind, Mr. Curtis, as to remove the two tumblers from my hands, I shall be pleased to accompany you. Otherwise I shall have to await the return of my neighbor, the illustrious Fletcher."

My sarcasm was evidently wasted on the boor, for he simply remarked that I should have to wait until breakfast if I expected Fletcher to release me from my embarrassment. As he sat there laughing in the same vulgar way that one sometimes hears in smoking-cars, I was visited by a veritable inspiration.

"I'll come," I said and rose from my seat.

As I got up I simultaneously raised my right hand upward and outward with just sufficient force to propel the glass of water into the confounded Curtis's lap. I lifted the other to my lips and drank deep.

"Are you ready?" I asked and walked away. The infuriated Curtis was restrained by his companions from attempting to assault me, and their laughter, although it was not so loud as that which had greeted some of my misfortunes, sounded genuine.

At the door I was greeted by Fletcher who grasped me by the hand. "Good stuff!" he cried. "We'll make a man of you yet."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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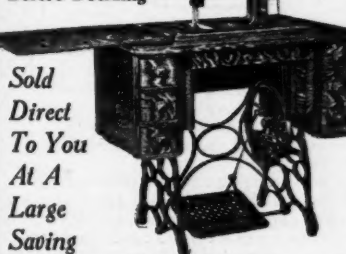
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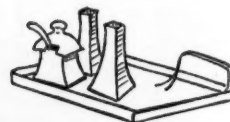


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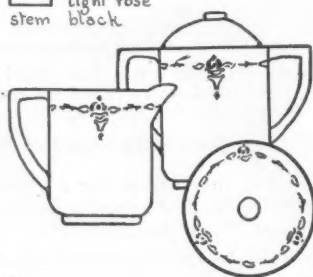


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\$0.16

deep rose
light rose
stem black



China Painting All In One Lesson

CHOOSE a simple design for the plate or cup you plan to paint; the decoration should be a part of the object and not put on as a picture. Naturalistic painting of flowers and ugly sprawling lines are out of place upon it.

A plate should be decorated with a round design that follows its outline. A centre decoration in the form of a small circle, with a plain band around the edge of the plate, or a border without the centre decoration, can be used. Do not use both.

The first step is to divide the plate into an equal number of parts. Six or eight divisions are interesting, or the odd numbers three and five. To make a plate divider, turn the plate face down upon some heavy wrapping paper, draw round it and cut out the circle. Fold this circle into as many divisions as you choose, place the plate upon it again, and mark with a china pencil where the creases touch the edge of the plate. (China pencils cost about fifteen cents.) Turn the plate right side up and continue the lines for a couple of inches toward the centre. The spacing must be accurate.

CHOOSE your design first. Any one of these will do. Then work it out on paper so that it is just the size of one division and curved so as to fit the section of the plate. Trace it on thin tracing paper and fasten it to the plate with soft wax or bits of gummed paper. Envelope flaps will do nicely. Slip a small piece of carbon paper underneath, hold it firmly, and trace with a very hard pencil or an embroidery stiletto. Trace one section at a time.

For the outlines, use either black or a darker shade of the color used in the design. Mix china paint so that it will run freely from a very fine camel's-hair brush. Practice lining on another piece of china, for it can be washed off, and a little practice may save a great deal of work. When you can make an even, steady line, go all over the lines of your tracing. Remove any rough edges or parts of the line with a toothpick. Let the outline dry thoroughly and then paint the color in. This kind of outline can be painted over without disturbing it and does away with an extra firing.

Choose a color scheme carefully, using

The first time I looked at this article it seemed so easy and simple that I longed to have a try at china painting right away, and I said to myself, "If I can paint china, anyone can." I went straight to the store and bought the little dish numbered four above and painted it. I wish you could see how pretty it looks. So I decided to print this article for you. I know you will feel just the way I did and will be impatient to begin. Write and ask me where you can get a beginner's set with everything you need to start except the china. It is only \$3. Of course the china is easy enough to order by number from the top of the page.

Hazel Gray

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington St., Boston.

gray wash
green-blue
warm buff



Don't begin
with
this design

colors that harmonize. Use the suggestions given here as a foundation. Blues and greens, with a touch of orange, are always suitable for china. Violet, green and a touch of yellow, or two tones of green and blood red, are very good.

Pour a small amount of paint on a pallet or a clean dish. Dip the pallet knife into oil and mix thoroughly, taking care that it stands up in a compact mass and does not spread. If it spreads, add more paint, as it is too thin. Work the paint into the brush and paint inside the outlines; put the color on smoothly the first time, for working over it more than once will muddy it. If you have to erase, dip a soft cloth in turpentine and wipe off the color; this will not affect the outlines. Keep the paint and the china free from dust, for dust is ruinous to good work. When the plate is dry, wrap it in tissue paper and take it to be fired. Clean the brushes with turpentine and press them into shape ready for use the next time.

In decorating a cup and saucer the best results are obtained by making a simple border on the edge of the saucer and round the top of the cup. Make the divisions the same way as before. Omit the handle altogether. It is more difficult to trace the rounded surface of the cup, but you won't have any trouble if you fasten the tracing paper securely.

THE spacing of a design on a pitcher can be easily done by cutting a strip of paper about half an inch wide and long enough to reach round the section of the pitcher that is to be decorated. Fold the strip into as many sections as desired, place it on the

pitcher and mark with a china pencil. Omit the design on the handle of the pitcher, also.

Blue-and-white pitchers are attractive for any purpose, or if you like more elaborate coloring try ivory, dull blue and gray-green, or pale yellow, apple green and black.

An oval platter and a vegetable dish are hard to space evenly, but you should be able to do it with a pair of dividers, or even a piece of string. Cut the paper the exact size of the oval, fold it end to end, and side to side. This gives you the centres of the sides and ends. Then with the dividers or string divide one of these sections into as many parts as you desire. Transfer the sections with a china pencil to the dish. A simple way is to decorate just the four divisions with a line to connect the designs. With both of these articles a border is the best form of decoration.

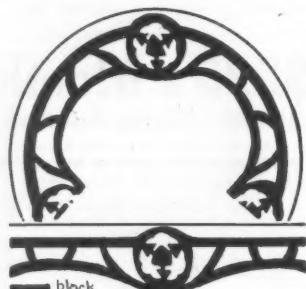
ANY good make of china paints that is obtainable is all right to use.

Write down whatever questions you may have about china painting and send them to me: where to get the china and how much to get, how much it costs, what is the best sort to begin on, where to get the pencil and paints and how much they cost and what colors are used to start with, how you go about having the painted china fired and where to have it done and how much it costs. You may have a little trouble at the very beginning. I bought some turpentine and experimented. The turpentine acts like an eraser on paint, you know. If you have it handy, you can try out all sorts of paint mixtures and various thicknesses, and so forth, without being afraid of doing any damage. I am sure some of you are going to become as enthusiastic about china painting as I am already, and I can hardly wait to get all your letters about it.

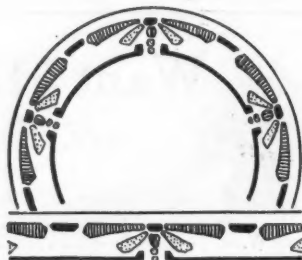
By the way, I think this is a good suggestion as to how to spend all that Christmas money you probably will get tomorrow. Write to me today!

These were especially designed for you. I put them here because I thought you might want to cut them out to work with them

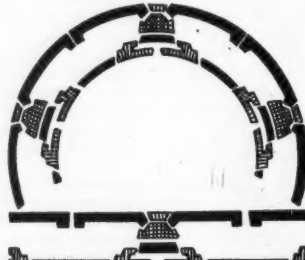
DESIGNS BY
GERTRUDE SULLIVAN



black
lemon yellow



indian yellow
burnt orange
indian red



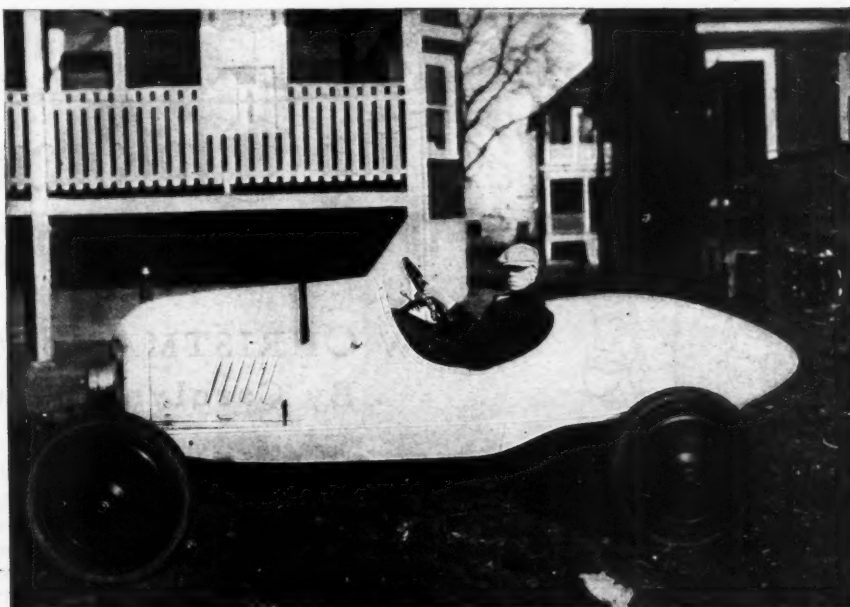
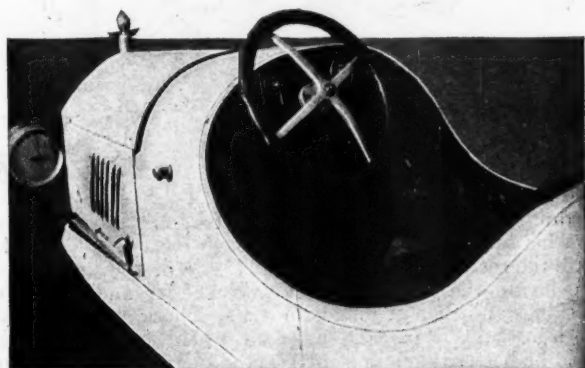
prussian green
indian red
orange



deep green-blue
prussian green
emerald green
orange
yellow

THE Y. C. LAB

Vincent Nelson's Ford speedster would thrill any boy, and please any older person who had occasion to ride in it. Notice especially the big walnut steering-wheel, the two-inch army shell-case used for a radiator cap, and the real racing tilt of the steering-post



Vincent Nelson in his Ford speedster, which wins the Fourth Weekly Award of \$5

THIS interesting little car was built by one of the new Members of the Y. C. Lab at Wollaston, Mass., Vincent Nelson. He lowered the body five or six inches by using hangers. Sheet iron was used over all, worked into shape over forms with a mallet. In this branch of the work Nelson was assisted by his uncle.

The instrument board, shown in one of the pictures, was made of walnut with the various fittings set in. Seat is of one piece, lowered to the floor. Upholstery is of black imitation leather.

The car is painted straw yellow and has black gear and wheels. The disks were made of thin sheet iron, fitted with four clamps to the spokes. So many of these rebuilt Ford cars are seen on the road, put together roughly out of any old material, that this neatly made model is a pleasure to look at. The other Wollaston Members, fired by Nelson's example, are about to make one for the society; but, to paraphrase Mr. Kipling, that is another project.

FURTHER PROCEEDINGS OF Y. C. LAB NO. 1

November 17:

Finished the big bench (portable) and also finished the painting of the Christmas Eve Candle Holder. It looks very



Material Costs for Y. C. Lab No. 1 at Wollaston, Mass.

Lumber, including timbers, hardware and Flintkote shingles	\$244.22
Foundation, cement	150.00
Electric installation	25.00
Paint and varnish	17.25
Dry well, and water installation	29.00

\$465.47

Note—Labor costs vary in different sections. The boys who built this lab were paid at approximately the going rate in Wollaston for caddy fees and boys' labor in stores, etc. A fair average is twenty-five cents an hour. Tools were chiefly supplied by the local Y. C. Lab Councilor in charge of the work, Harry Irving Shumway. This lab stands on ground leased from him at 33 Prospect Avenue, Wollaston, Mass. Visitors are always welcome.

gala in its shiny green and red—quite Christmasy.

November 18:

Built some more shelves, did some more painting, the day was so nice. Then inside at dusk to work on the golf-ball tester. We've been working on such big, heavy work that suddenly dropping to such a tiny thing as a golf-ball tester seems—well, like an elephant trying to skip about like a humming-bird. Tomorrow we have to face a problem for

neither elephants nor humming-birds, the building of a long table in solid oak. We hope to make this at least a minor masterpiece.

November 19:

Made a closet for the wall today. Used old bits of siding and roofing boards. We'll put a door on it and paint it. A nice little place in which to store paints, brushes, etc. Also built a retouching frame; that's a device that throws the light up through a pane of

glass and enables one to work on a photographic negative.

The oak came in at five o'clock, the wood for our table. The boys admired it, the beautiful grain. They don't seem staggered by the prospect of cutting into it. We are not cabinetmakers, any of us. But tomorrow we are going to draw up a table which we have in mind, and then that lovely pile of wood is going to meet Saw, Chisel & Co. We'll take a few pictures as we travel along so that our struggle may be set down in black and white. Don't know who the Greek god of fine furniture-making is (maybe it's a side-line of Vulcan's), but we hope he smiles on us.

November 20:

Friday, not the thirteenth, but it might just as well have been. We met the big oak table job head on, and the air is full of splinters and headache. That oak was so hard we even took the plane apart to see if it was trying.

Well, we did get the top cut, partly anyway. But we must match the two pieces before we go any farther. That's the job for tomorrow.

While the rest of us were fighting our battle, one of our members just sawed wood by himself, and when night came he had a nice closet done, something to put small paint pots, etc., in. Very good. The rest of us so jealous we started an argument with him over which side to hang the hinges; accused him of building a left-handed door. But it looks quite nice and shipshape.

November 21:

A short day. We occupied ourselves in shaping up the top for the table. There is an old-fashioned word for this job—"ornery." The top dimensions are twenty-four inches wide by six feet long.

Y. C. LAB PROJECT NO. 3

A Trellis You Can Make and Sell

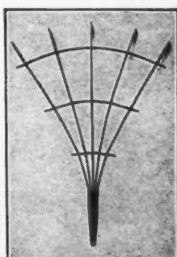


Fig. 1

The simple tools you have already in your tool chest are enough.

The stock for the main part of each trellis must be soft wood of very straight grain.

You can make the trellises in almost any reasonable size, but since dimensions are handy we suggest those of the trellis shown in the photograph. Plane down the rough stock to 26 inches by $1\frac{1}{4}$ by $\frac{7}{8}$. (Fig. 2.) Make all surfaces smooth and true. Measure from one end the distances of 3, 9, 15, 20 and 21 inches. Use a try square to mark off these sections on all four surfaces. Divide both $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch faces into five $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch strips by gauging four parallel lines from the top to the 20-inch line. Divide the sides by a centre line. On the lower end mark off an oblong by drawing a continuous line about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch from the edge. The work is now laid out as shown in Fig. 2.

To make the point, plane straight down gradually on all four sides from the 21-inch mark, which is five inches from the bottom, to the side of the end oblong that

is parallel to the face planed. With a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch bit bore three holes at the intersections of the 3, 9 and 15-inch lines with the centre line on the side. To eliminate splinters on the opposite side, withdraw the bit just as the point shows at the other intersection and bore through from that side.

With a small plane or a file round off the top end as shown in Fig. 3.

Saw down on the gauged markings to the 20-inch line with a rip saw. Be careful not to split the wood and saw straight through so that the saw will follow the line on the other side. Saw a little way from one side, then a little way from the other. This will simplify the task of keeping the five ribs the same width throughout.

When you have finished splitting the piece sandpaper the whole thoroughly. Then place it point downward in a pail about half full of water. When the piece has soaked for two days place a clamp about it at the 20-inch line, where the division of the ribs stops. Run an 18-inch strip of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch dowel through the hole nearest the top, so that half of it projects on either side. In the same manner run an 11-inch piece through the second hole and a $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch piece through the lower hole.

Carefully and gradually spread the ribs until the end of each is four inches from the end of its neighbor. Then fasten the ribs and dowels with $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch brads driven in from one side only, as shown in Fig. 4. Start at the bottom and work upward, spreading the ribs so as to give them a slight but effective curve.

After the trellis is dry paint it green or white. Trellises of this sort can be made in many different sizes and the style changed by a different arrangement of the dowels. When making larger trellises remember to design them with an uneven number of ribs so that one rib may be in the centre.

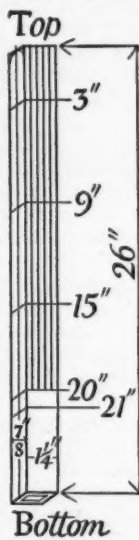


Fig. 2

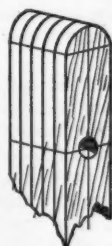


Fig. 3



Fig. 4

MEMBERSHIPS

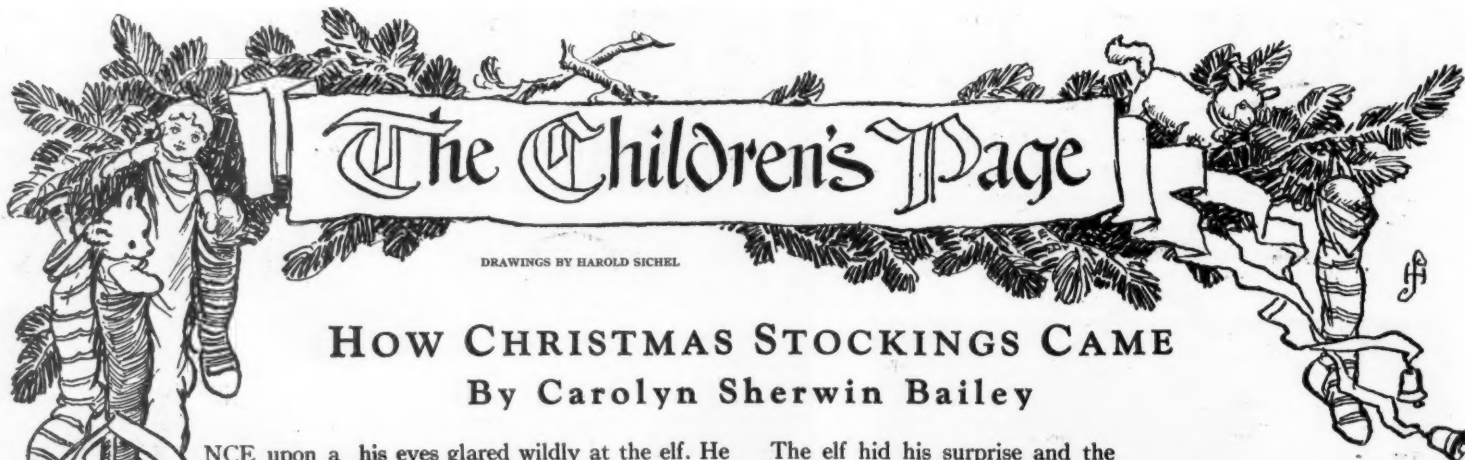
There are three classes,—Associates, Members and Fellows,—all of which are open to boys of eighteen and younger. To become an Associate, submit some evidence of your skill—a description or, better still, a snapshot of something you have built. It can be very simple; almost anything on which you used hammer and nails, or a saw, or a screwdriver, or other simple tool.

You will receive a button and ribbon, certifying your associate membership, and giving you such privileges of the society as are open to Associates.

Qualifications for Members and Fellows will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Youth's Companion.

Meanwhile, all boys everywhere are invited to correspond with the Director of the Y. C. Lab, to ask questions, and to submit examples or photographs of their work for consideration for the prize awards.

Address The Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL

HOW CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS CAME

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

ONCE upon a time in the Land of Make-Believe there was a kind little elf

who started out on a journey one cold winter day.

This elf belonged to a very old and honorable family, and it had been the custom of his family to make this journey every Christmas time with a wreath of red berries and greens for the child who needed it most in the village. There had been such a child every season for many years, the child in so small a house that the toyman passed it by. On this child's door an elf hung a wreath on Christmas Eve for a happy surprise.

Before he started out this particular elf was made ready for the journey by his mother. She pulled his little red cap down over his ears, and his little red stockings up over his knees. A very kind old sheep had given the elf the wool cap and stockings, and indeed he needed their warmth for his journey. His elfin mother tied a muffler of woven moss about his neck and helped him into the pair of stout little boots that the deer had given him. She filled his pockets with dried rose-leaf sandwiches and peppermint cookies, and then she hung the beautiful Christmas wreath over his back.

"Good-by, and good luck, my dear!" said his little mother as the elf started out through the deep, cold forest. "I don't think you will meet with danger on the road, for the animals are all asleep for the winter."

The elf set his brave, wee feet in the snow of the woods path, and he whistled to keep up his courage. He was small indeed among the great Christmas trees that stood so tall beside him. The wind roared in his ears, and Jack Frost flung ice darts in the elf's face, but on he trudged, carrying his heavy Christmas wreath on his back. It bent him almost double, it was so heavy.

"I'm glad there's nobody except me on the road," he thought, but just then what should he meet but a very large old squirrel that looked like a bandit. The squirrel's fur coat was thin and ragged, and

his eyes glared wildly at the elf. He looked ferocious indeed, but that was because he was hungry.

"There were no nuts left by the



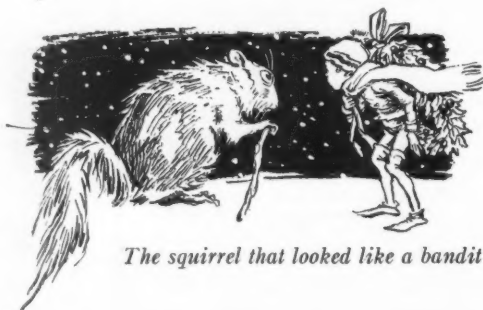
The elf belonged to an old and honorable family

time I could gather my harvest," the squirrel said to the elf. "The younger squirrels were there first. I am starving."

The elf stopped and turned out his pockets. His mother had slipped in some nut cakes, which he gave to the squirrel, and also his peppermint cookies, which would be warming. The squirrel ate and then pointed to the elf's wool cap and boots. "If I had those," he said, "I might be able to get on to a cousin of mine who has a nest well stocked with food a few groves farther on."

There seemed nothing to do but give the stout deerskin boots and the wool cap to the squirrel. He looked warm and ready for the weather as he thanked the elf and started on, but the elf had to jump and hop to keep warm; and he was still a long way from the village. He was about to nibble the dried rose-leaf sandwiches when he saw a strange-looking creature approaching. Its legs were long and thin, and it spoke in a trembling voice.

"Nobody thinks of a grandfather grasshopper at Christmas, a very old grasshopper that was not able to prepare for the winter. If only I had a bite of a leaf and something to cover my legs from the cold now, I might be able to keep up my courage and go to some friendly cricket's hole."



The squirrel that looked like a bandit

The elf hid his surprise and the fear he had felt at first at seeing this many-legged tramp in the forest, and he offered him his sandwiches. The grasshopper ate the rose leaves with great relish. As he ate, the elf looked at his two stockings and then at the grasshopper's legs. Still a pair of stockings would be better than none at all, he thought. The grandfather grasshopper thought so also, for he reached out one long, hairy foot and touched the elf's warm red stockings. "Fine wool those!" he said enviously.

The elf pulled off his little stockings, and the grandfather grasshopper put them on the two legs he used the most. He thanked the elf and started off cheerfully, waving a free leg or two to the elf. Dear me, the elf would have to hurry now! He



"Nobody thinks of a grandfather grasshopper at Christmas"

could hear the bells in the village. But he had no shoes or stockings, and the road was sharp with ice, and the wreath very heavy on his back.

On, on went this Christmas elf, not once losing his courage. His feet were cut and bleeding, but wherever they left a drop of blood a bright Christmas berry showed gay and crimson. On, on he ran until he came to the streets of the village where the toyman and the sweetsman and the shoppers were so busy that not one saw him, barefooted and tiny. And soon he left the Christmas streets behind him, for he had come to the small house that Christmas had forgotten. He crept under the wall. He hung his wreath of greens on the door, and then he curled up a moment to rest on the window sill. He peered inside.

The elf saw something wonderful. There were his warm red stockings the kind sheep had given him and he in turn had given away, but they had

stretched to giant size. They were large enough for a child! They hung on either side of the fireplace, and they were bulging and spilling over with gifts. Those magic stockings must have held apples and oranges and candy toys and a jackknife and a rubber ball at the very least. They were Christmas stockings hung and crammed for a child's happiness.

The elf tapped gayly on the window pane and left a pretty picture on it done with a frost pencil, and then he started home. Remembering what he had seen, he did not seem to feel the lack of shoes and cap and stockings. All the way through the forest the icicles tinkled like bells, and a reindeer drawing a strange, toy-filled sled dashed by, and the elf could hardly wait to spread the news.

"Christmas stockings for the children who have need of cheer," he said to his mother. And whether or not a house cricket had arranged it, or it had been just a bit of Christmas magic, did not matter; the family of the elves took the credit, and Christmas stockings became the fashion from that time to this.

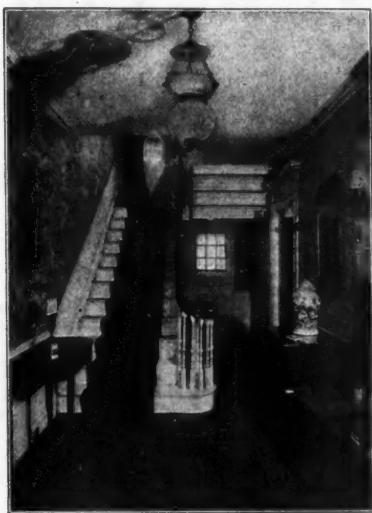
A CHILD ON CHRISTMAS

By

John G. Neihardt

This holiest of all the nights,
I wonder what it means.
'Tis surely more than candle
lights
On tinsel evergreens.
It's more than toys that make
it dear,
And eating pleasant things;
For, if you'll listen right, you'll
hear
A murmuring of wings.
My Grandma says it's more
than fun
And hanging up your stocking;
It's knowing every needy one
Might be the Savior knocking.
It's helping those who feel the
rod
Of grief and heavy labors.
Perhaps it's being nice to God
By loving all your neighbors.

Here Is One Good Way of Starting the New Year Right



Do you slow down when you pass a charming house? Do you like to peep over a garden wall—or steal a glimpse of a lovely room by lamplight?

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¶ Is gardening your hobby? Just a few bright plants in a sunny window often make all the difference between "house" and "home." Perhaps you long for a garden, but feel at sea as to the ways of trees and tulip bulbs, of rock plants and roses.

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¶ Make up your mind right now that some day you are going to have "the prettiest place in town!" So often it is a little house—or an old one that has fallen into loving hands—that this isn't too high a star, really, for any of us.

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